TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A friend of mine in criticising what appeared on the front page last week regarding the Jesuits' Estates Bill, pointed out the fact that I said nothing against the Protestants of Quebec whose silence had been purchased by a paltry subsidy of $60,000. "I agree with you," said he, "in demanding the entire separation of Church and State and the removal of our educational system from the influence of priests. I am a Protestant—a Methodist—but yet I thoroughly comprehend that the Catholic priesthood is not the only one we have to fear. Our public schools should be entirely free from clerical influence of every kind. The Methodist priests, Baptist priests, Presbyterian and Episcopalian priests, all seem more or less anxious to turn our educational institutions into Sunday schools, and my experience of them is that while they are individually earnest and self-sacrificing men as a body, they are almost as intolerant as the Catholic hierarchy. If we are to teach religion in the public school we shall ruin the school without aiding education or in any spiritual way benefiting the scholars. The fundamental principles of Christianity are the same in the Catholic and Protestant churches, but no teacher can confine himself to these while children ask questions and so many creeds provide so many different answers. It is not asking too much of the clergymen and parents that a portion of each school-day remaining to the child after secular education has been attended to, with additional time on Saturdays and Sundays, be devoted by the parents or preachers to laying the foundation of religious belief and spiritual understanding. If any attempt is made to do this in the public schools I can understand that it will make separate schools absolutely necessary, not only to Catholics, but to Methodists, Baptists, Anglicans and Presbyterians. The public school system should afford only that education upon which all the people can unite as being without prejudice to any religious doctrine. I have no faith in the liberality or toleration of any corporation of clergymen, whether it be the Roman Catholic hierarchy or the Ministerial Association."

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The gentlemen who were so anxious to have $150,000 spent on Jarvis street would only be consistent if they made a struggle against the erection of poles on that thoroughfare. I find the Fire and Gas Committee are trying to arrange for underground wires, but in the meantime while preparations are being made for the most expensive roadway and stone sidewalk, the Electric Light Company proceed with impunity to disfigure a street which is exceedingly handsome and is about to be made exceedingly expensive. The committee of residents who have been doing so much should do a little more and see why the city ordinances are being laughed at by the Electric Light Company. All the pavements and sidewalks on earth won't make the street look beautiful if there is a network of wires above the trees and enormous and unsightly poles in front of the houses.

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I presume the *Globe* is correct and entirely disinterested when it reminds the seething Protestant population of this province that it is not yet too late to have the Jesuits' Estates Bill disallowed. For the information of those who do not read the *Globe* I will quote a portion of the paragraph: "The bill has not been allowed and cannot be allowed by the Governor-General or his advisers; but it may be disallowed by the Governor-General at any time before next August." This is valuable information as it shows that something may yet be accomplished by agitation. A number of our best Protestants did not begin agitating until they felt sure that it was too late to be of any use, and now the discovery that it is still early enough may be embarrassing, and we may have the pleasure of seeing them walk backwards and endeavor to dodge off dangerous ground as gracefully as they know how. To those who are in earnest it is good news, and to those who wear the yellow flower of a Protestant life it should mean that they have got to get up and hustle or else hereafter wear wooden shoes and accept brass money.

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I notice that my esteemed friend and fellow missionary, ex-Mayor Howland, is being reviewed somewhat sharply because during his term of office he forgot that he was only the Mayor and not the Council and entire Corporation. There is a considerable air of mystery surrounding the charges which have been made that he, on his personal responsibility, assisted by the City Engineer—whose intentions may be good, but whose backbone is limber enough for a shoe-string—handed over to the Canadian Pacific Railway a section of the town which was no more his to give than it is mine. The gentlemen who are mixed up in this thing tell stories which are so significantly contradictory that the general public have nothing to do but to wait till they are liquidated by an investigation of some sort. In the meantime I won't go back on William until I know he is worse than I think he is, but it must be admitted that he is jogging in very hard luck as far as acquiring any additional reputation is concerned.

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The Ontario Branch of the Prison Reform Association has been in session during the past week, and the urbane gentlemen who preside over the county jails of this province have been telling one another how insufficient the accommodations are for the prisoners, and possibly may have mentioned among themselves how insufficient a salary is paid the jailer. However, high moral grounds are the site of their encampment and righteous enough are their complaints that a county jail is an exceedingly unprofitable place to occupy—unofficially. It has long been a public scandal, not only in Canada but in the United States, that the county jail does not provide sufficient accommodation for the classification of prisoners. The lad arrested for stealing apples roams in the same corridor with the confirmed horse-thief and the beast who is imprisoned for criminal outrage. The homeless girl, placed within the walls because the authorities think she may go astray, there makes the acquaintance of the hardened prostitute and the drunken hag. As reformatories they are a most distinguished failure; as breeders of vice and the hot-beds of criminal contagion, they are an eminent success. They are partially controlled by the counties and partly by the Provincial Government. The County Council, with that liberality which characterizes all its acts, takes good care that no money is spent on sanitation or improvement of the jail, and religiously fights against its enlargement, utterly reckless of the evil results of its parsimony. The shrieking maniac, the "softy," the hardened criminal, the youthful delinquent are there herded together, that a few dollars may be saved. The Government appoints the jailer, and practically nominates the turnkey, and the combined result is that while a clergyman may look after the spiritual welfare of the prisoners once a week, the devil—somewhat restrained perhaps by the jailor and his assistants—superintends their condition during the balance of the period. I am glad to know that the Government has indicated its intention of appointing a committee to examine into the state of affairs, and in the meantime Bro. Mowat will give it his earnest consideration. That the Government will compel the counties to increase their jail accommodation I fear is improbable. Mr. Mowat would be afraid that a policy which would force the counties to spend a little money would do him injury, and I am very much afraid that his Christianity stops at the point where insistence upon righteous principles might do him and his party harm. However, the good work of the Prison Reform Association deserves attention. To-morrow will be Prison Sunday, when our zealous clergymen will have an opportunity of urging from their pulpits this necessary reform. Having done this they, in common with the rest of us, will feel that their duty has been done until Prison Sunday of 1890.

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The announcement that Sir Charles Tupper is about to leave England for a two months' visit to Canada makes me suspect the possibility of a general election occurring before 1890. I am not in the confidence of the Government, but it certainly appears to me that a good general, who has the privilege of nominating the time of attack, could not select, than the present, a more favorable opportunity of giving battle. The Grits are so thoroughly disorganized that if they are spared a campaign they will have to thank the over-confidence of the administration for time enough to get themselves into shape, though they should not feel flattered by the sentiment which practically holds them in such contempt that their reorganization is considered impossible within the next year.

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The London *Times*, referring to the debate in our Parliament concerning Canada making her own commercial treaties, views the matter much more seriously than those of us who have heard the same proposal for many years, and know that it is nothing more than a little froth stirred up on the surface of very flat beer. It is not significant of any special feeling or unusual agitation. It finds no response outside of the hearts of an expectant few who have been waiting with growing despair for a chance to get into office. I believe most sincerely in the right of Canada to make her own commercial treaties, or at least have a controlling voice in the making of them. This I believe would be accomplished under Imperial Federation, and if Canada is especially anxious for a seat in the treaty-making council, she can have it, and I believe that within less than five years she will have it, and every other colony will have it, and that Imperial Federation will bring it about. In the meantime, as a party cry there is nothing in it. It won't make votes for the Liberal party, and it won't bring the treaty-making power a half-inch closer than it now is.

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Talking about Imperial Federation, permit me to draw your attention to Lord Rosebery's excellent and entertaining address which is printed on the third page of SATURDAY NIGHT. Don't be scared away from it because it is long and appears to be solid, it is really interesting, and as the utterance of one of Gladstone's leading supporters and one of the most popular British politicians it deserves more than passing attention. It was delivered in Edinburgh some little time ago but that does not decrease its value; I imagine that it has been little read in this country. For my own part I have been in the habit of sneering at Imperial Federation as a "fad" and not until a solicitous friend took pity on my ignorance and devoted a few days to showing me where I was wrong did I begin to see in this theory the most splendid future for Canada. Now I believe if we work out our possibilities on this line that prosperity and an increase of population will come to us with a rapidity which will astonish our neighbors to the south of us. Those who are anxious to hear the matter thoroughly and eloquently discussed should go and hear Mr. Parkin in Association Hall this (Saturday) evening. Mr. Parkin, who is a thorough Canadian, born on a New Brunswick farm; self educated, yet thoroughly cultured, having supplemented his Canadian degree by an Oxford course and unceasing travel and study, is well-known in England, and is on his way to Australia at the invitation of the league there to present the case as a well-informed Canadian sees it.

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When a commercial traveler or solicitor of any sort calls on a merchant who does not intend to buy his goods, an invitation to luncheon or "to come out and have a bottle," is always refused by self-respecting men, unless there is a strong personal friendship which, rather than a desire for gain, is supposed to prompt the invitation. If the United States Congress should vote $150,000 or $200,000 to give Canadian members of Parliament a trip through the United States, our self-respect would be shown and the absence of that predatory instinct which causes the cheap man to hunt for a lunch route rather than pay a hotel bill proven, if our representatives unanimously decline the invitation. It will do our neighbors good, if they vote a couple of hundred thousand dollars for a lunch and guzzle, and our people gently but firmly refuse to officially eat and drink with those who have declared their sinister intention of either capturing our country, or seizing the fisheries off our coasts. To accept an invitation under such circumstances would write us down a nation of free-lunchers unless we returned the compliment and invited their Congress over to eat with us, and we are not prepared to spread the table for a surprise party of that sort. By all means let us be neighborly, good-natured, hospitable but for heaven's sake don't let us sponge; let us avoid any appearance of being willing to eat the crumbs that fall from Yankeedom's table. We have plenty to eat and to spare. Better consume our porridge sweetened by self-respect than drink their wine soured by the sensation that we are getting a square meal at the expense of our manhood. Canada is no tramp, standing red nosed and suppliant at the kitchen window of an opulent neighbor. We are blessed in basket and store, and it would be an everlasting shame if a single Canadian official accepted Uncle Sam's "treat," thoroughly understanding as we all must, that it is the election day scheme of "I treat you and you vote for me."

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I met a well-known and liberal-minded clergyman, well-known in this city and throughout Ontario, the night before last and, he said "I was glad to see you take hold of the Jesuits' Estates Bill, and it pleased me most of all to see it done in a liberal spirit. This is not a question of Protestant against Catholic; it is not a question of Ontario against Quebec; it is a question of the citizen of Canada against the man who is not a citizen of Canada. I cannot vote here unless I take the oath of allegiance and if I can't vote without taking the oath of allegiance I believe I can say without being considered a Protestant fanatic that no money should be voted to those who in this country refuse to accept the citizenship of Canada but openly profess their allegiance to Rome. It is a question of citizenship, my dear fellow, and what should come more nearly home to us than that?" I wish all our preachers and Canadians would put it that way. As Cap'n Cuttle would say, "There is an opinion as is an opinion."

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In this connection I would like to call attention to the notice given by Mr. Trudel, member of the Quebec Assembly for Champlain and a leading Nationalist, that he will introduce a bill petitioning Her Majesty the Queen to use all the influence at her command to restore temporal power to the Vatican. Mr. Trudel's nerve indicates the strength of "unrestricted" Catholic opinion which he reckons is behind the man who is the willing slave of the Church in the Legislature. The motion, I imagine, means nothing but an attempt to make Mercier still more solid with the hierarchy. The restoration of temporal power to the Pope in Italy is as unlikely as that I will be chosen as the next Canadian Cardinal. I know of no place where the temporal power of the Pope would be tolerated in the old-fashioned sense except in Quebec itself, and I haven't the slightest doubt but the Province of Quebec would be willing to vote five or ten million dollars to bring the Vatican to Montreal, and if such a subsidy were granted I feel quite sure that some of the honorable gentlemen who represent Ontario and Protestantism in the House of Commons would not dare to get up and move for its disallowance.

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I have been reading poor Selma Delaro's

AN IMPUDENT PUPPY. *From The Ladies' Pictorial.*

novel Bella-Demonia in the last number of *Lippincott's*. It is a rarely exciting story, full of that dramatic effect and the posing of characters in tableaux which reminds me of her old power on the mimetic stage. One can hardly believe that this novel was written by a woman who was the victim of a deadly disease, a shadow, the dying relic of a great actress—it is so full of Ouida-like suggestiveness and virility. The writer of it was dead before the story appeared, and I remember reading her half defiant, and yet pathetic interview in which she wondered how the critics would take it, but the voice of those who praise or censure her story cannot reach her now. The fame of her story may bring a harvest of money to her publishers; it can be nothing to her.

* * *

Mr. Nicholas Awrey's motion in our Legislature to deny the ordinary grant to the Provincial Exhibition was timely, and though it did not result in a refusal to squander any more money on this financial failure, we are promised that this shall be the last year of its existence. There are plenty of agricultural exhibitions in Ontario now without further subsidizing an attenuated and unappreciated fizzle, which still pretends to set the seal of provincial approbation on mammoth pumpkins and yearling colts.

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I am surprised to see in a paper which has been attacking French schools in Prescott and Russell an endeavor to defend the German schools of Waterloo and Bruce. The inconsistency is so evident that it needs no argument. Nothing should be taught but English in the public schools of an English-speaking country. We have but one official language in this province, thank heaven; we don't want two, much less three. When our German friends emigrated to Canada they thoroughly understood that they were not coming to a German country. We have no better citizens, no more frugal, orderly and prosperous neighbors, but that we should recognize them as Germans rather than Canadians is preposterous. If it is impossible to Anglicise Quebec, it is at least possible to preserve Ontario as an English-speaking and, what is better still, an English-*feeling* province. This cannot be done by permitting the public schools to become the nursery of foreign speaking and foreign feeling. No doubt in the German school they teach something else besides the language of the fatherland and the catechism, but they have no business to teach at the public expense any language but English. If they want a German school let them have it at their own expense; if the French want French schools let them pay for them out of their own purses. Ontario has nothing to do with supporting racial schools, and our greatest effort should be to assimilate our foreign population rather than to perpetuate race differences. There is no more effectual way to keep such differences alive than by sacrificing our language and our schools to their not unnatural but exceedingly improper desire to make them French or German, though France and Germany have been left thousands of miles behind.

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A beauty show is to be held at Paris in April in which women representing the African, Asiatic and Caucasian races will be competitors for very handsome prizes, the first of which will be $6,000. How thoroughly Parisian this is and yet I have no doubt it will be one of the most attractive features of their Exposition. I confess I would go a considerable distance to see the show myself, and feel right sure that Toronto could furnish a prize winner. Don.

Society.

Last Sunday afternoon Mde. Albani lunched with Mrs. Goldwin Smith in that charming old homestead The Grange. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout and Miss Crooks. After luncheon Mde. Albani Gye and Mr. Gye drove to Mr. Nordheimer's elegant residence Glenedyth, and then after an hour's cosy chat to an afternoon tea at Mrs. Sweny's. The great cantatrice has left the most pleasing impression socially, and expressed herself delighted with the genial hospitality of her hosts. She was much struck with the beauty of the view from Glenedyth which, perhaps, never showed to greater advantage, and on her return to the hotel remarked "That was an hour spent I shall never forget!"

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Mr. Hubert H. Macrae of the firm of Smellie & Macrae, was married on Tuesday, at Cobourg, to Miss Elliott, second daughter of Major Charles Elliott, one of the oldest residents of that place. Rev. James Roy, D.D., officiated. The groom was supported by Mr. Norman Macrae and the bride by Miss Morgan. The wedding took place at 7.30 a.m., and the happy pair took the morning train for New York.

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The president and members of the Sergeant's Mess, Queen's Own Rifles, have invited their friends to their sixth annual dinner in the mess-room on Friday, March 1. Mr. Hugh M. George is secretary.

*

Lieut.-Col. Wayling and the officers of the 12th Battalion York Rangers will give their annual ball on Friday evening, March 1, in the Town Hall, Newmarket. Capt. John F. Thompson of Parkdale tells me that the tickets may be had of the officers of the battalion.

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The account of the second annual At Home of the Wanderers' Snowshoe Club is deferred till next week.

*

Miss Meta Bridgeman, whose wedding at Lindsay is recorded in another column, will be remembered as the daughter of Mrs. Bridgeman, who is now the wife of Mr. Wm. Hamilton, superintendent of the Waterworks Department here.

*

A large number of the members and officials of the Local Legislature dined at Government House, on Wednesday evening last, February 20. Following is the list of guests present: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Mr. James E. Morin, Mr. Absalom S. Allan, Mr. William Garson, Mr. Nicholas Awrey, Mr. William D. Balfour, Mr. Thomas Ballantyne, Lt.-Colonel Gillmor, Mr. John W. T. Biggar, Mr. Archibald Bishop, Mr. Thomas Blezard, Mr. John Fell, Mr. Wm. C. Caldwell, Mr. John Dryden, Mr. James Clancy, Mr. James C. Dance, Sergt.-at-Arms Glackmeyer, Mr. E. F. Clarke, Mr. H. E. Clarke, Mr. Thos. D. Craig, Mr. Charles J. Campbell, Assist. Receiver-General; Dr. Jas. McMahon, Mr. Thomas Murray, Mr. Samuel Armstrong, Mr. F. J. French, Mr. John B. Freeman, Hon. C. F. Fraser, Mr. W. R. Meredith, Mr. C. C. Field, Mr. Speaker Baxter, Mr. Robert Ferguson, Mr. John Blyth, Mr. Erskine H. Bronson, Mr. Alfred Evanturel, Mr. Kenneth Chisholm, Mr. Elisha J. Davis, Mr. Charles Clarke, Hon. John Gibson, Mr. Walter M. Duck, Mr. James Conmee, Mr. David Creighton, Mr. John G. Cruess.

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As I listened to Senator Allan's warm eulogy on the womanly virtues and beauty of character which is such a distinguishing trait in our fair countrywoman, Madame Albani, one could not help thinking that after all the stage is not such a bad place, and that, in spite of all that is said, it rests altogether with ourselves to ennoble whatever we undertake. It is marvellous though that such a comparative few ever attain the high position she has so deservedly won—for many of us have known some among our friends who have every qualification for a career, but for some unknown cause or force of circumstances have drifted away from it. So true is it "That there is a fate that shapes our ends rough hew them how we will." But *revenons a nos moutons* the concert was a decided improvement on any of the previous ones. Mrs. Clare Shelton, one of Signor D'Auria's pupils, acquitted herself splendidly in the Jewel song from Faust, and showed most artistic taste. Little Miss Lillie Norman's playing of a violin concerto with the Conservatory string quartette, awoke great enthusiasm, and it is safe to predict for her a brilliant future. Miss Louie Reeve, pupil of Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, bids fair to become a credit to her teacher, who is herself one of the leading pianists of the city. Miss Dallas plays in a very characteristic manner and is always listened to with pleasure.

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Mrs. Gordon's At Home on Monday evening was a very delightful one. Music and cards were the order of the evening.

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Mrs. George Chapman of Rosedale gave a party Tuesday evening in honor of her daughter's birthday.

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Mr. Jim Creighton's tall and stately form is again seen among us after an absence of some months. He leaves for British Columbia in a few days.

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Miss Millie Lillie's party on Monday evening was a great success, owing to the combined efforts of Mr. Paul Jarvis and the inimitable Mr. Joe Hughes, who really ought to be a professional comedian.

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The University Conversazione would be a much more enjoyable affair were there less of a crowd, for in other respects the arrangements are perfect, and the musical part has not lost its reputation and always promises the best music.

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Miss Mason and Miss Birdie Mason of Barrie have been visiting at Mr. R. H. Temple's of Grosvenor street.

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The past week was a very quiet one socially.

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As announced last week, Mrs. Nairn, 355 Jarvis street, gives an At Home on Monday evening.

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Mrs. Hugh Scott was At Home on Friday night to nearly two hundred of her friends.

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Among the numerous sleighing parties that took advantage of the beautiful moonlight nights last week, that of the masters and boys of the Toronto Church School was certainly one that seemed to secure the maximum amount of enjoyment obtainable from this winter sport. Starting from the school house at the corner of St. Joseph and St. Vincent streets with a party of about fifty, in a four-horse van, having in its train a number of bobs, which were also fully manned, and with sundry plethoric baskets of provisions it proceeded to Lambton Mills, where for about three hours they made the most of the splendid coasting. The midnight hour saw the merry party on its homeward way.

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The entertainment at Osgoode Hall on Wednesday evening, by the Osgoode Literary and Legal Society, scored an unqualified success. The Hon. Mr. Justice Maclennan took the chair promptly on time, and on the platform with him were Mr. Huson Murray, Mr E. E. A. Du Vernet, and Mr. J. W. Boswell. The proceedings began with a musical selection, followed by the recital of the Last Days of Herculaneum, rendered in masterly style by Mr. E. E. A. Du Vernet. Then followed the debate on the resolution, "That Chinese immigrants should be admitted into Canada on equal terms with immigrants from other nations." Mr. Frank Pedley led for the affirmative advancing strong arguments to sustain his position. Mr. James Knowles, for the negative, argued clearly and cogently against the Celestials; then Mr. Frank L. Webb took up the cudgels in their behalf and was followed by Mr. C. D. Scott, who closed the argument. It was a most interesting and instructive debate, and the marked ability with which the four gentlemen handled the subject delighted their audience and proved how thoroughly well versed they were with that, at present, very important topic. A show of hands gave the majority to the negative. Mr. Frank L. Webb followed with a neatly turned speech, in which he congratulated Mr. Justice Maclennan upon his promotion to the bench, and also tendered the sincere thanks of the society for his kindness in presiding. A musical selection exhausted the programme, the hall was speedily cleared for dancing, and by eleven o'clock the floor was crowded to its fullest capacity. Affairs of this kind are so popular in Toronto, that there is sure to be a crush, and this was no exception. It was a thoroughly representative gathering of Toronto society, and that the ladies attached due importance to it was proved by the brilliant array of handsome costumes. To obtain a complete list of those present was an impossibility, for unless one intended to participate in the dancing his room was decidedly preferable to his company. After a serious struggle through the crowded hallway, in a brief glance, as positions were being taken for the lancers, I noticed the following: Mrs. Maule and party, Mr. Galbraith and party, Mr. Samuel Bayley, the Misses Scott, Miss Christie, Miss Richardson, Miss Fletcher, Miss Thompson, Miss Ince, Miss Fuller, Miss Hannaford, Miss Rathbun, the Misses Smith, Miss Steene. Members of the Osgoode Literary and Legal Society can certainly justly congratulate themselves upon having secured one of the most brilliant successes of the season.

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The Trinity conversazione on Thursday evening was a splendid success. By this I mean that the arrangements were good, the music was good, the programme good, and that everything passed off in the most delightful manner. True, there was a crush, which spoiled the dancing, but it did not spoil the pleasure of being there. The committee cut down the number of invitations, and the order was issued to admit no one without a card, but when it was understood that the gathering was to be more than usually select the struggle for invitations began and the result was a *grand* crush. What does it matter, however, if one is crowded, if the elbow which is unceremoniously inserted in one's vest is withdrawn with such a polite apology that offense cannot be taken. I have not seen in Toronto a more representative gathering of society in its broadest sense than the one at Trinity on Thursday night. The swell mob was there and more! Intellect, wealth and ambition were represented. The best people of Toronto, both socially and otherwise, did honor to the *Alma Mater* of many of Ontario's cleverest men. I will leave the musical programme to the criticism of Metronome, for I confess I did not hear much of it, and felt rather sorry for the singers; the crowd was so great that in the back part of the hall one could hear nothing. That it was good I know, for those on the programme are never unworthy of praise. Next week I will deal with the affair at greater length, together with a few thumb-nail sketches. Following is a partial list of those present: Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mr. Armstrong, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Armour, Mr. and the Misses Mercer Adam, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Armstrong, the Misses Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Acland, Rev. A. J., Mrs. and Miss Broughall, Mr. H. and Miss Bethune, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. W. Boulton, Mr. A. and Miss Boulton, Miss Beck, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Burnham, Mr. Lawrence Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, the Misses Boulton, Messrs. H. and A. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Miss Cartwright, Miss Campbell, Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Cayley, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, the Misses Cox, Dr. and Mrs. Cameron, Mr. Kenneth Cameron, Rev. Charles and Mrs. Darling, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. A. M. Dymond, Mr. and Mrs. Delamere Mr. and Misses Dalton, Rev. Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin, Miss and Mr. P. DuMoulin, Col. G. T., Mrs. and the Misses Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and Florence Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Fuller, Miss Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Fisher, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Featherstonhaugh, Dr. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Greene, the Misses Grand, Dr., Mrs. and the Misses Geikie, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gamble, Mrs. and Miss Gregory, Mr. Gamble Geddes, Miss Isabel Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Grier, Mr. Oliver Howland, Rev. R., Mrs. and Miss Harrison, the Messrs. and Miss Heward, Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Maclean Howard, the Misses Howard, Mr. and Miss Horrocks, Capt., Mrs. and Miss Hooper, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoskin, Miss Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Elmes Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, the Misses Harris, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Ince, Mr. J. Ince, Rev. C. L. and Mrs. Ingles, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Mr. Beverley Jones, Mr. Frank Jones, Mr. George Jones, Mrs. and the Misses Kirkpatrick, the Misses Kemp, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Lockhart, the Misses Larned, Captain and Mrs. Law, Miss and Mr. A. Langmuir, Major and Mrs. Leigh, the Messrs. and the Misses Lightbourn, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Laing, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Huson Murray, Mr. A. H. and the Misses Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Mackenzie, Mrs. and the Misses Monk, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Dr. and Mrs. Machell, Mr. and the Misses Marling, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Lt.-Col. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Milligan, Capt and Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. and the Misses Morson, Mrs. Mellish, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Morgan, Miss Macmahon, Bishop of Niagara and the Misses Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Rev. George Nattress, Mr., Mrs. Neville and young ladies, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Miss and Mr. A. H. O,Brien, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. O'Brien, Mr. Justice, Mrs. and the Misses Osler, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Palmer, the Misses Proudfoot, Miss and Mr. H. Parsons, Mr. C. J. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, Rev. T. W. Patterson, Hon. and Mrs. Beverley Robinson and Miss Robinson, Dr. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Read, Mr. Walter and the Misses Read, Mr. E. C. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ridout, Mr. E. G. Rykert, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riordon, Dr. Crawford Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith, Mr. Grant Stewart, Miss Small and the Messrs. Small, Mrs. and Miss Mabel Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Strickland, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, the Misses and Mr. Hugh Larratt Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Sybil Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. Totten, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mr. C. A. Temple, Mrs. and Miss Towner, the Misses Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson, Miss Veals and young ladies, Rev. A., Mrs. and the Misses Williams, Mr. A. J. Williams, Mr. W. Rose Wilson, Mr. and Miss Wilkie, Mr. and Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Miss Wyatt, the Misses Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Wyld.

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A successful concert was given last Wednesday evening, at the Eglinton Hall, in aid of Canon Osler's church at York Mills, by a number of our local talent. After the concert a supper and dance were given. The place was crowded to excess, as numbers from Toronto availed themselves of the good sleighing and the lovely night to drive out. Miss Ethel Osler displayed to advantage a sweet and well-trained voice in a pretty Scotch song, and it was regretted that she did not sing again. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Isabel Osler. The Three Little Maids from School by Miss Connie Harris, Miss Edith Howard and Miss May Francis afforded great amusement. Mr. Harry Jarvis pleased the audience with his splendid tenor voice, and responded to an encore. Miss Geikie's violin solo was given with great taste, and formed an agreeable feature in the programme. The quartette by Mr. Lawson's choir was very well rendered. Mr. Stuart sang the Irish Christening and the Hat My Father Wore in character, and quite convulsed the audience with his dancing and contortions of face and body. Mr. Wilson, who had to play his own accompaniment, sang at considerable disadvantage, but was appreciated.

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Miss Isabel Burke of Montreal has been staying with her grandfather Mr. Thomas Maclear of Wilton avenue.

*

Col. Denison of Rusholme gave a large At Home on Thursday last, which was one of the best of the season.

*

Crown Attorney G. W. Badgerow and Mrs. Badgerow gave a dinner on February 20 at their residence, Martineau, Avenue road, to the following gentlemen: Dr. Larratt Smith, Col. G. T. Denison, J. B. Freeman, M.PP., Mr. John H. Walker, Mr. C. W. Biggar, Dr. Preston, M.PP., H. G. O'Connor, M.PP., Mr. W. D. Matthews, C. H. Ritchie, Q.C., J. A. McAndrew, M.PP., Mr. James Morris, Mr. Thomas Tait, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Mr. John Cameron, Mr. A. H. Marsh, Mr. S. R. McKinnon, Hon. S. C. Wood, and Mr. G. A. Badgerow.

*

Mr. S. H. Janes has returned, on the SS. Fulda, to Europe to rejoin his family at Florence, where Miss Janes is completing her musical studies. Miss Janes was a promising pupil of our Toronto Conservatory of Music and much interest is taken in her progress.

*

The increased interest in the West India Islands caused by the excellent address of the Hon. John Macdonald before the Toronto Board of Trade is developing itself. Mr. A. T. Fulton, the consul of France at Toronto, and Mr. Thos. N. Scott of the Dominion Bank sailed on the Barracoutra for British Guiana last week.

*

Mr. A. Thornton Todd, the long-time president of the Toronto Club, has sought the congenial clime of Bermuda until the opening summer enables him to return to his chalet on the Island. Mrs. Todd and the Misses Todd accompany him.

University College Conversazione.

The Literary and Scientific Society of University College were At Home to admiring friends Friday, February 15. The occasion was the annual conversazione of the society and many were the friends that gathered there that night. Stern and sombre, the old gray walls watched silently the scene of merriment within.

> "The stars their early vigils keep,
> The silent hours are near
> When drooping eyes forget to weep,
> Yet still we linger here."

Those grand old walls! how symbolic they seem of learning deep and wit profound. The very stones seem to vaunt their firm and enduring superiority over weak mortal man. I suppose all of us, graduates and undergraduates have felt at one time how pitiful we must seem to these cold impervious masses which rear their blocks so austerely over our heads, how insignificant we have often felt when walking down the great stone steps, illuminated by the golden sunlight shining through the stained glass windows and streaking them crimson, gold and blue.

The Latin inscriptions too, seem to inspire awe, especially in the hour of twilight shadow. I wondered vaguely that evening why these were all written in Latin; several reasons suggest themselves to me. Because it sounded more learned, or because it gave the undergraduates a chance to translate them on conversazione nights to credulous young ladies, or lastly because Latin construction is briefer. A dozen other reasons suggest themselves, but none apparently satisfactory. With a view to information I took up my station beside one of these inscriptions, and presently a pretty freshman and an equally pretty girl came up to it. I was so taken up admiring the girl's sweet face and modest dress (Oh if girls only knew how much better they look dressed modestly!) that I lost the first part of their conversation. When I did overhear, she was saying: "Why was it written in Latin?" Then I became interested and listened attentively to the wise answer I so confidently expected. "Er," he answered, "when it was written and put there, don't you know, everybody spoke Latin." She was quite satisfied, and exchanging mutual looks of satisfaction, they moved away.

> "Do I sleep? do I dream?
> Do I wonder and doubt?
> Are things what they seem,
> Or are visions about?
> Is our civilization a failure,
> Or is philology played out?"

I suppose the concert ought to be the first consideration, although it evidently was the last consideration of the entertainment committee. It dragged—hopelessly and entirely. Oh! that Glee Club! Life is too short to listen to it more than once. They sang—and a great deal. They all sang; generally at once but always in different keys. I shall never forget one distinctly minor selection from Tannhauser in which the minor key was more than audible. The tenors made praiseworthy efforts to all produce a like sound, and the first basses sent a feeble boom after them at intervals. The second basses came to the fore nobly and made quite an impression on the decorations. The sad strains ended in a wail, or rather in several wails of more or less degrees of melancholy. Mrs. Mackelcan was enthusiastically encored after her first song, Robaudi's Alla Stella Confidente, and responded with a negro melody, to which she played her own accompaniment. I hardly think Mrs. Mackelcan shows to much advantage in ballad singing, she is delightful in her forte which is oratorical music. Miss Campbell was politely welcomed, she was generally considered to have created a favorable impression. The only trouble was her voice. Miss Coleman showed signs of budding talent, Mons. F. Boucher obligingly played several selections on his violin. I did not hear the second part of the concert. An able-bodied man might have been able to stand it, but being only a woman I could not.

One thing I noticed during the concert. Many ladies, some old, some young, were too late to get a seat, and were forced to stand up in the aisle. All around were men, young men, strong in body but evidently feeble in courtesy, comfortably seated. I waited complacently and with a touching confidence in modern politeness to see them rise gracefully and bow some Madam or Miss to her seat. I waited a long time. I might still be waiting had I not after an hour come to the conclusion that nothing short of an earthquake would move these knights of the nineteenth century.

I sat esconced in a corner listening to the Hungarian Band in the museum. In no other part of the building was the concert of place and entertainment greater than here.

The hideous surroundings of fossils, skeletons, bones and all the pomp and circumstance of grim, unlovely science contrasted with the gaily dressed throng around the picturesque foreigners. Such lovely, lovely music! "The strains that ring the ravished echoes dumb!" and so thrown away. Why could we not have dancing? The very bones rattled their frantic endeavor to dance, and the stuffed monkeys involuntarily turned on their pivots. Why is all this good music wasted year after year? From the musty archives and dim regions of archeology comes the dread answer "The President." As I heard an undergraduate confidentially express it: "He is death on dramatic clubs, co-education and dancing."

I have been on several occasions greatly disappointed to find out what kind of people cared most for mere animal pleasures. After a careful comparison I came to the conclusion that evening that the staff and students could accomplish more in that line than any other number of people similarly situated. What is there in learning that makes it most compatible with eating? The faculty—to a man—at all times during the evening were to be found in the refreshment room.

They are a queer lot, those professors and lecturers. Some native, some foreign, some young, and some old. One of them, whose head looked as if it contained the culture and erudition of ages, but who was attired in the most atrociously fitting evening dress, talked with me for a while. I was talking at the same time to one of our society young men, in a perfectly made dress suit, faultless in form and feature. Woman-like, I could not help comparing them. Talk about the triumph of mind over matter! When matter is tailor-made, mind is nowhere. Men know this feminine view of it only too well. Probably this is why society and literature are generally as far asunder as the poles.

During the evening I found myself in the Senate chamber, turned *pro tem* into a microscopic display. I thought, instigated thereto by a fiendish youth, that I should like to look through the microscopes at slices of butterflies' wings and other cheerful objects. I would give a good deal now to recall that rash wish. The views are interesting, oh yes! We examined the animal kingdom as set forth in a fig, a drop of water, a piece of cheese and several other hitherto charming articles of food. As a bit of natural history it was a delightful study, but as pleasure a distinct failure. I felt sad. I had been—alas, it is now of the past—very fond of figs. I should like to protest against this form of entertainment. Surely we might be left a little longer in ignorance and bliss. This age is progressing too quickly.

I always know, in a vague way, that Toronto girls were deservedly famed for their beauty, but I don't think I ever before quite realized how many or how pretty they are. I liked one little girl from Moulton College in a blue silk dress with pretty fair hair hanging down her back, and another, from Miss Neville's, in pale pink, who seemed almost too beautiful to be earthly. I did not know their names, but could say, with Holmes, to either:

> "The sweetest name that mortals bear
> Were best befitting thee."

Among the lady undergraduates one little damsel, with fair hair neatly plaited in two long braids and a peach-bloom skin, was a veritable Marguerite in the flesh. They were nearly all pretty, bright faced girls and are a living contradiction to the alleged ill effects of study. Greta.

Personal.

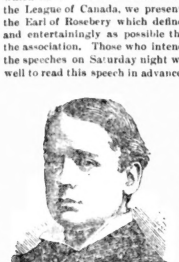
In a letter received from Mr. R. L. Patterson of Messrs. Miller & Richard is gleaned that he is finding his western trip a rather cold one. Writing from Brandon he says; "It is only 35 degrees below zero and blowing a blizzard. Business is good. There was a big fire here a day or two ago; printing office burnt out; took order for a new plant; the finger of Providence, don't you see." It has to be very cold weather when the stately R. L. gets left.

A brilliant gathering and impressive ceremony at the dedication of St. Mary's Church, Bathurst street, has been so fully described in the daily papers that nothing is left for me to add. It is certainly a compliment to the Very Rev. Vicar-General Rooney that so large and representative a body of Protestants as well as Catholics assembled to witness the opening of his handsome church. Few clergymen are more popular in Toronto than Father Rooney, and it must have been a pleasure to him to see so many of his friends, regardless of creed, gather to do him honor.

The Imperial Federation League in Canada, invite the public to a meeting to be held in Association Hall, on Yonge street, to night (Saturday evening) at eight o'clock, when Mr. Geo. R. Parkin, M.A., of New Brunswick, the distinguished advocate of Imperial Federation who is about to visit Australia on the invitation of the league there, will deliver an address. Major-General Laurie, M.P., of Nova Scotia, and J. W. Long, M. A., president of the Peterborough branch, will also speak. Alexander Cattanach is president, Hon. J. Beverley Robinson, Col Geo. T. Denison, Geo. R. Cockburn, M. P., J. M. Clarke, Wm. Hamilton Merritt, and John Matthews are vice-presidents. Frederick C. Law, Com. R. N., is honorary secretary and treasurer. The attendance no doubt will be large.

Imperial Federation---Its Meaning.

In view of the Imperial Federation meeting on Saturday night, which is expected to be one of the most interesting and important events which have been held under the auspices of the League of Canada, we present a speech of the Earl of Rosebery which defines as briefly and entertainingly as possible the objects of the association. Those who intend to listen to the speeches on Saturday night would do very well to read this speech in advance.



EARL ROSEBERY.

Ladies and gentlemen: There is no meeting that could give me greater pleasure than this meeting to night. In the first place, we are met to advocate a sublime and patriotic cause—(cheers)—and, in the next place, it is so divested of party politics, so completely apart from all politics, that we are privileged to meet our political opponents to-night on a common platform in urging a great public object. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, when I come to speak of Imperial Federation I am at a considerable disadvantage, because I have so often spoken of it that I can hardly say anything without repeating myself; and, in the next place, the subject in itself is so vast that it is not very easy to choose which aspect you will present to your audience. As to repeating myself, I most humbly take it for granted that I need not repeat what I said at Leeds about three weeks ago. I do not suppose that anybody here present has read what I said at Leeds. (Laughter.) Still less do I suppose that, if they have read it, they remember it. (Laughter.) But a public speaker owes something to his oratorical conscience, and even to his internal organization, that prevents his repeating with too shameless a rapidity the arguments that he has found it necessary to use but a short time ago. If I cannot repeat what I said at Leeds, I can at least supplement what I said at Leeds in the direction of endeavoring to meet some of the criticisms, the friendly criticisms, which that speech called forth, and filling up, if I may say so, some of the chinks, of the many chinks that I left open in that argument. Now, in the first place, everybody has to begin a speech on Imperial Federation with the A B C of Imperial Federation—which is, to meet the question of what you mean by Imperial Federation; and I will venture to repeat substantially the definition that I have given before. The Federation we aim at is the closest possible union of the various self-governing States ruled by the British Crown, consistently with that free national development which is the birthright of British subjects all over the world—the closest union in sympathy, in external action, and in defence. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, all that is very easy. You may say that those are charming phrases, but they will encounter great practical difficulties. Well, as to difficulties, I have never been fortunate enough to know any question that was entirely without difficulties. (Cheers.) I have never known a question of public life that was not full of very considerable difficulties. But what I will say about the question of Federation is this, that given goodwill on the part of the contracting parties, the difficulties that encompass Imperial Federation are relatively less than the difficulties which encompass any other political object. (Cheers.) Take the two great Federal States that have been last founded in the world—take the United States—I venture to say that the federation of the British Empire can be carried out with infinitely more ease, given goodwill on all sides, then the United States encountered in their formation. Take a much later federation, that great and powerful European federation which we call the German Empire. I venture to say that the formation of the federation of the British Empire would be child's play compared with the difficulties in connection with the formation of Germany. (Applause.) Gentlemen, there are difficulties, real difficulties; but there are other difficulties which are not real, and which have been suggested by some of my critics. One of the most learned of my critics, who represents, I presume, the dying doctrines of what used to be called the Manchester school, but it has now no representation in Manchester that I know of—(laughter)—the dying doctrines of that school, says that there are two great difficulties. The first is that the colonies would not stand interference with each other in their own conduct of affairs. That was to say, Canada would not like the interference of the Cape of Good Hope in her own affairs. Well, no one ever said she would. (Laughter.) No one supposes that we should like the interference of the Cape of Good Hope in our internal affairs. But, gentlemen, that is begging the question; that is setting up a scheme which is not our scheme, in order to throw stones at it. The very cardinal principle of Imperial Federation, as we understand it, is the most complete respect for the internal affairs of all self-governing communities under the British Crown. (Cheers.) Of course, if it were alleged that the mere representation of the Cape of Good Hope in the same Imperial Council in which Canada was also represented would imply the domination of Canada by the Cape of Good Hope, the whole theory of representative government comes to an end. You might as well say that Durham is controlled by Mid-Lothian, or that the city of Edinburgh imposes burdens on the city of Glasgow, because they are both of them represented in the House of Commons. There is another argument which was used by the same critic, which was equally fallacious. It says that no federation is possible except between equal powers. All the powers must be equal, and we must, therefore, wait for the time when Canada and Australia are equal in population and wealth with ourselves before we even imagine the idea of a federation! Now, gentlemen, I wonder who are the readers for which that passage is written. It must be that he presumed on the ignorance of those he was addressing. Why, federation does not exist between States exactly equal. It is almost impossible between States that are exactly equal. Look at Austria-Hungary. That would be an example that would be given against that view. Austria-Hungary is not a federation, but is a dualism, a union of two States; and any attempt that is made by what is called the Federal Party in Austria-Hungary to make Austria-Hungary a federation is violently resisted by those who cling to the present state of things. Take another instance—the greatest federation in the world—the United States. Is that founded on equality? Why, gentlemen, there is nothing less than equality in the constitution of the United States; it is a calculated inequality. The whole assumption of the United States, as of every federation, is that a self-governing State entering upon a federation, enters it upon equal terms with those that are greater and more important than itself. Take the Senate of the United States, which is perhaps the supreme governing body of the United States. Every State sends two members to that body—neither more nor less. The State of Nevada with 62,900 inhabitants, the State of Delaware with 140,000 inhabitants, sends as many representatives to the Senate as the State of New York with over five millions of inhabitants. Suppose federation were calculated on the proportional basis which is assumed by my critic, I would ask you to compute for yourselves what would be the representation of New York in the Senate, giving a representation of two members to Nevada with 60,000 inhabitants. Gentlemen, I do not attach much importance to those phantasmal objections; but there are some that are more serious, and it has been urged against our project, and more especially against what I have urged in its favor, that it would be impossible to allow the Colonies—and I use that word "Colonies" to distinguish those commonwealths from the Mother Country—it is not a word I care about—it would be impossible to give those Colonies an interest in the direction of our foreign affairs, because we could not suffer that control. That would be an excellent argument if this very Colonial control did not happen to exist already. Why, it exists in the most obvious form. I cannot repeat what I said at Leeds on the subject, but everybody who studies the relations of foreign countries must see that the Colonies largely govern the direction of foreign affairs. I suppose that the argument, as drawn out by my critic, would be this plainly and nakedly stated, that as we pay for the army and for the navy—I am taking it for granted that the Australian transaction with regard to the navy is not yet complete—but taking it broadly, we pay for the army, for the navy, and for the diplomatic service, therefore we have a perfect right to direct those services as we think fit. In its absolute naked form that statement is plausible; but it is not fair or true, because, even if we had right to control our policy from the payment of our services, we cannot control the liabilities to which we subject our Colonies in consequence of that policy. (Cheers.) If your declarations, if your policy, only bound yourselves, you would have a fair case in arguing in that way. But when you declare war, on whatever ground—it may be in a fit of anger under an idea of slighted honor—under any of these causes for which we have seen nations hurry rashly into war—whenever you declare war on any of these grounds you do not declare war alone, but Canada declares war. Australia declares war, every dependency in the Empire declares war—(cheers)—and they declare war without having an official voice in the control of our policy. (Cheers.) Remember this; you form a policy, and my critic says you demand that it shall be uncontrolled by your Colonies. But when your policy has begun to take effect, your Colonies may be invaded, they may be harassed, they may be burned, they may be plundered—all in consequence of the course of action, in which they have had no controlling voice. Now, that is not a dream, that is not an idea. It is an uncommonly concrete fact—both for our critics and for the Colonies. Now, gentlemen, it is rather remarkable that Mr. Bright, who is our most venerated opponent, once alluded to that argument this year, and took it as the text of a speech against our view. Mr. Bright said, speaking of Imperial Federation: "Will the Colonists be willing to undertake the responsibility of entering into wars, the seat of which is ten thousand miles away, in which they cannot have the slightest interest, when they might not have been the least consulted as to the cause of the quarrel which this country was rushing into?" But, gentlemen, that is precisely their position now; and that is precisely what we wish to avert by Imperial Federation. (Cheers.) I have seen with my own eyes the fortifications that were put up in Australia when we were on the brink of war with Russia in 1878. It was well known—I speak what it is not indiscreet to say—but if it was not well known, it was very generally reported, that the first act of that war might have been a fleet directed by Russia against our Australian Colonies. The Australian Colonies would have had to bear, in the conditions of warfare as between Russia and ourselves—the Australian Colonies would almost have had to bear the brunt of that war, a war in which they had neither voice nor part. On the other hand, while we may drag the Colonies into a war in which they have no voice, it is perfectly possible and conceivable that the Colonies may drag us into war without our having sufficient control over the matter. I will take the case of the Canadian fisheries. That is a great difficulty. I cannot believe that it is a difficulty which in this nineteenth century can lead to any serious trouble between our brethren in the United States and our brethren at home. But when we see a highly respected London newspaper, with, I daresay, the largest circulation in the world—because all newspapers have the largest circulation in the world—great laughter—when we see a highly respected London newspaper threaten the United States with a fleet of British ironclads under certain contingencies, we must admit that the smell of gunpowder is in the air. (Laughter.) It is conceivable that that controversy might provoke a collision between ourselves and the United States. Well, I think it was the *Spectator* that says "we will not go to war for Canadian cod." No one apprehended that the *Spectator* would go to war about anything. No one asked it to go to war for Canadian cod; but an absolute declaration of *non possumus* of that kind might lead to something like the disintegration of the Empire. Now, if in the course of this controversy the United States were so irritated by the leading articles in London newspapers as to make it necessary to invade Canada, or supposing there was any collision of that kind, what would be the course, for instance, of the *Spectator* if it guided our policy? The *Spectator* would either have to say to Canada: "You are such a quarrelsome people that we cannot live with you any longer, and we are therefore going to turn our back, and retire to our own European islands;" or else the *Spectator* would have to stand by Canada, voluntarily or involuntarily, and would have to be drawn into a war for these Canadian Colonies, which the *Spectator* so deeply deprecates. I say this state of things, for both sides, is anomalous, and cannot continue. On the one hand, you pay for everything, and that is a fool's bargain for you; and on the other hand, the Colonies may be dragged into a war without a voice in the matter, and that is a fool's bargain for them. (Laughter.) Now, I believe when the Parliaments which exist—the numerous Parliaments which exist under the British Crown, when they come to see this question in all its bearings, will demand a substantial voice in the control of the British policy of the future. (Cheers.) And I desire to call your attention to the fact that such a claim upon their part, such a federation as we desire, would be esentially a pacific federation. (Hear, hear.) In the first place, any nation would think twice if it saw that this gigantic Empire was absolutely at one with itself, and that at whatever point it attacked it would find a defence, not merely an obligatory defence, but a ready defence by the whole forces of the Empire. (Applause.) Then when you consider the various interests that would have to be brought into play in a council controlling our foreign policy, you would see how difficult it would be for any Minister, however rash, however powerful, to embark in an offensive war on behalf of this country. (Cheers.) But why, I can hear it said, why cannot you let well alone? Our exports are very good, our imports are very good, and what more do you want? Colonists are well received in England; Britons are well received in the Colonies. (Applause.) "God Save the Queen" is sung in the Colonies and at home. What more do you desire? Sentiment is beneficial. We are united by the strongest ties. Well, gentlemen, I will tell you why I am not quite content with that, because I must look a little further than the present moment for my own satisfaction. (Cheers.) Our principal critic, to whom I alluded just now, said that we were "fussy." I delight in the epithet of "fussy." (A laugh.) In the first place, if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, irritation is the most certain sign of despair—(cheers)—and a person who shows irritation in argument is a person who is conscious of an inherent weakness in his case. (Cheers.) But what is this fussiness? If foresight be fussiness, if prudence be fussi-

(Continued on Page Seven.)

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"THE DAY WILL COME."

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER VII.

"I saw a Fury whetting a death-dart."

Lord Cheriton liked to take his summer holiday on a sunny sea-shore where there were not many English visitors. Parame St. Malo fulfilled both these conditions. It afforded him a vast expanse of golden sands, firm beneath his foot, steeped in sunshine for the most part, on which to pace to and fro, lifting his eyes dreamily now and then to the fabled city, with its stony rampart, and its quaint Louis Quatorze mansions, facing the sea in the sober dignity of massive stone facades, and tall wire down grey old houses, which seem too good for the age in which they find themselves, solid enough to last through long centuries, and to outlive all that yet lingers of that grandiose France in which they were built. Roof above roof rises the island city, steep and narrow, leading up to Cathedral and principal Palace, with the crocketed steeple for its pinnacle, shining with a pale brilliance in the summer sunlight, verdureless, and with but little color save the reflected glory of the skies, and the jasper green of the sea with its frame of golden sands.

Lord Cheriton affected Parame because though it was within a summer night's journey from his own Isle of Purbeck, it was thoroughly out of the beaten track, and he was tolerably secure from those hourly encounters with his most particular friends, to which he must have submitted at Baden or Spa, at Trouville or Dieppe. Parame was Parisian or nothing. The smart people all came from Paris. English smartness had its centre at Dinard, and the English who patronise Dinard will tell you there is no other paradise on earth, and that its winter climate is better than that of the Riviera, which they could only have faith. So long as the Cheritons could keep out of the way of exploring friends at Dinard, his Lordship was safe from the amusements which to some minds make life intolerable.

Lady Cheriton was distinctly social in her instincts, and looked Dinard-ward sometimes from her lotus-land with a longing eye. She would have liked to ask some nice people to luncheon; and she knew so many nice people at Dinard. She would have liked to organise excursions to Mont St. Michel, or up the Rance to Dinan. She would have liked to entertain into all manner of innocent galeties; but her eremite stamped out these genial yearnings.

"It seems such a pity not to have people over to dinner when there are such nice operettas and vaudevilles every night at the Casino," she sighed.

"And if you had them over to dinner, how do you suppose they would get back?" asked her husband, sternly. "Would you wish to keep them all till next morning, and be bored with them at breakfast?"

That intervening strip of sea, narrow as it was, afforded unspeakable comfort to Lord Cheriton. It was an excuse for refusing to go over and take afternoon tea with people he was supposed to hold in his heart of hearts in the way of friendship.

"You can go, Maria, if you like," he told his wife; "but I am not a good sailor, and I came here on purpose to be quiet."

This was his lordship's answer to every hospitable suggestion. He had come to Parame for rest; and not for gadding about, or entertainments of any kind.

So the long summer days succeeded each other in a lazy monotony, and whatever gaiety there might be in the great white hotel, the English law-lord and his wife had no share in it. They occupied a suite of light, airy rooms in the west pavilion, and were served apart from the vulgar herd, after the fashion which befitted a person of Lord Cheriton's distinction. They had only their body servants, man and maid, or they were waited upon by the servants of the hotel, and they drove about the dusty, level roads between St. Servans and Dol in a hired landau, driven by a Breton coachman. Lady Cheriton was dull, but contented. She had always submitted to her husband's behest. He had been a very indulgent husband in essentials, and he had made her a peeress. Her married life had been eminently satisfactory; and she could afford to endure one summer month of monotony and unpleasant surroundings. She dropped in at the Casino every evening, while Lord Cheriton read the papers in the seclusion of his suite—with the large French window wide open to the blue sea, and the blue moonlight—hearing the trams of feet on the terrace, or the sea wall beyond, or now and again strains of faint music from the white pleasure-domes, where the little opera company from Paris were singing joyous quartette or noisy chorusses.

People used to turn round to look at Lady Cheriton as she walked gravely between the rows of seats to her place near the orchestra, his Lordship's valet following with a rug and shawl, an opera-glass, and a footstool. He established her in her chair, and then retired discreetly to the back of the box to wait for his mistress' departure, and to escort her safely back to the hotel. He was a large, serious-looking man, a French Swiss, who had lived long years in Italy, and over fifteen years in Lord Cheriton's service, and who spoke French, Italian, German, and English indifferently.

Lady Cheriton was handsome still with a grand Spanish beauty which time had touched lightly. She was tall and dignified in carriage, though a shade stouter than she could have wished, and she dressed to perfection with extreme sobriety of coloring and extreme richness of material. Her life had been full of pleasantness, her only sorrow being the loss of her infant sons, which she had not taken to heart so deeply as the proud father who pined for an heir to his newly-won peerage. She had her daughter, her first-born, the child for whom her heart had first throbbed with the strange new love of maternity. She shed some natural tears for the boy-babies, and then she let Juanita fill their place in her heart, and her life again seemed complete in its sum of happiness. And now in this sleepy summer holiday—cut off from most things that she cared for—Juanita's letters had been her chief joy, those happy, innocent, girlish letters, overflowing with fond, foolish praise of the husband she loved, letters made up of nothings—of what he had said to her, and what she had said to him—and where they had taken afternoon tea—and of their morning ride, or their evening walk, and of those plans for the long future which they were always making, and rejecting their thoughts into the time to come, and discussing those after years as if they were a certainty.

There had been no fairer morning than that which followed the night of the murder. Lord Cheriton was an early riser at his seaside, almost of all in the summer, when he was generally awake from five o'clock, and had to beguile an hour or so with one of the books on the table by his bed—a well thumbed Horace, or a duodecimo Don Quixote, in ten volumes, which went everywhere with him. By seven o'clock he was dressed, and ready to begin the day; and between that hour and breakfast time it was his habit to attend to the correspondence which had accumulated during the previous day. This severe rule was suspended, however, at Parame, and he gave himself up to restful vacuity, strolling up and down the sands, or walking round the walls of St. Malo, or sauntering into the cathedral in a casual way for an early mass, enjoying the atmosphere of the place, with its old-world flavor.

On this particular morning he went no further than the sands, where he paced slowly to and fro in front of the long white terrace, hotel, and casino, heedless alike of Parisian idleness coquetting with the crisp wavelets on the edge of the sea, and of the mounted officer yonder drilling his men upon the sandy waste towards St. Malo. He was in a mood for consummate idleness, but with him idleness was only a synonym for deep thought. He was meditating upon his only child's future, and telling himself that he had done well for her.

Sir Godfrey Carmichael would be made Baron Cheriton in the days to come, when he, the first baron, should be laid in the newly built vault in the cemetery outside Dorchester. He was not going to sever himself from his kindred in that last sleep, albeit they were common folk. He would lie under the Egyptian sarcophagus, which he had set up in honor of his father, the crockery dealer, and his mother, the plump, anxious tradesman's wife. The sarcophagus was plain and unpretentious, hardly too good for the tradesman; yet with a certain solid dignity which was not unbefitting the law-lord. He had chosen the monument with uttermost care, so that it might serve the double purpose. He had looked at the broad blank panel many a time, wondering how his own name would look upon it, and whether his daughter would have a laurel wreath sculptured above it. It might be that admiring friends would suggest his being laid in the Abbey, hard by those shabby disused courts where had pleaded and sat in judgment through so many laborious years; and it might be that the suggestion would be accepted by Dean and Chapter, and that the panel on the Dorchester sarcophagus would remain blank. James Dalbrook knew that he had deserved well of posterity, and, above all, of the ruling powers. He had been staunch and unwavering in his adherence to his own party, and he knew that he had a strong claim upon any Conservative Ministry. He had sounded those in authority, and he had been assured that there would be very little difficulty in getting Sir Godfrey Carmichael a peerage by-and-by, when he, Lord Cheriton, should be no more. Sir Godfrey's family was one of the oldest in the country, and he had but to deserve well of his party, by-and-by, when he had got his seat, to ensure future favors. As the owner of Cheriton and Carmichael Priory, he would be a worthy candidate for one of those coronets which seem to be dealt round so freely by expiring Ministries as it were a dying father dividing his treasures among his weeping children. So he as any man can think with satisfaction of the days when he shall be no more—and when this world shall be left behind, of course, but somehow, without him—Lord Cheriton thought of those far-off years when Godfrey Carmichael should be Master of Cheriton. The young man had shown such fine qualities of heart and mind, and, above all, had given such unobtrusive evidence of his affection for Juanita's father, that the older man must needs give measure for measure; therefore Godfrey had been to Lord Cheriton almost as a son. The union of his humly-born daughter with one of the oldest families in the south of England gratified the pride of the self-made man. His own pedigree might be of the lowest; but his grandson would be able to look back upon a long line of ancestors, glorified by many a patrician alliance. Strong and stern as was the fabric of James Dalbrook's mind, he was not superior to the Englishman's foible, and he loved rank and ancient lineage. He was a Tory to the core of his heart; and it was the earnestness and thoroughness of his convictions which had given him weight with his party. Whatever he spoke, or whatever he wrote—and he had written much in the *Saturday Review*, and the higher class monthlies upon current politics—bore the stamp of a Cromwellian vigor and a Cromwellian sincerity.

He had never felt more at ease than upon that balmy summer morning, pacing those golden sands in dreamy meditation—brooding over Juanita's last letter received overnight—with its girlish raptures, its girlish dreams; picturing her in the near future as happy a bride as ever stood at the altar, and imagining the third Baron Cheriton of the future in her lap. He smiled at his own foolishness in thinking that first baby, or any other little which was but one of the possibilities of a successful future; yet he found himself repeating the words lightly, as he paced to and fro, that had curled and sparkled near his feet—third Baron Cheriton, Godfrey Dalbrook Carmichael, third Baron Cheriton.

The cathedral clock was striking nine as he went into the hotel. The light breakfast of coffee and rolls was laid on a small round table near the window. Lady Cheriton was sitting in an alcove between the massive stone columns, which supported the balcony above, reading yesterday's *Morning Post* in her soft grey cashmere peignoir, whose flowing lines gave dignity to her figure. Her dark hair, as yet untouched by time, was arranged with an elegant simplicity. The fine old lace about her throat harmonized admirably with the pale olive of her complexion. She looked at her husband with her placid smile, and gave him her hand in affectionate greeting.

"What a morning, James; one feels it a privilege to live. What a superb day it would be for Mont St. Michel!"

"A thirty-mile drive in the dust! Do you really think that it is the best use to which to put a summer day? You may be sure there will be plenty of people of the same opinion, and that the rock will swarm with cheap tourists, and pretty little Madame Poulard will be put to the pin of her collar to feed them all."

She blushed herself at the table by this time, and was pouring out coffee with a leisurely air, smiling at her husband all the time, thinking him the greatest and wisest of men, even when he restrained her social instincts. She was never tired of looking at that massive face, with its nearly chiseled features, sharply cut jaw, and large grey eyes—dark and deep as the eyes of the earnest thinker rather than the shrewd observer. Yet the strong projection of the lower brow indicated keen perceptions and the power of rapid judgment; but above the perceptive organs the upper brow towered massively, giving the promise of a mind predominant in the regions of thought and imagination—such a brow as we look upon with reverence in the portraiture of Walter Scott.

Intellectually the brow was equal to Scott's; morally there was something wanting. Neither benevolence nor veneration was on a par with the reasoning faculties. Tory principles with Lord Cheriton were not so much the result of an upward-looking nature as they were with Scott. This, at least, is the opinion at which a phrenologist might have arrived after a careful contemplation of that powerful brow.

Lord Cheriton sipped his coffee, and leaned back in his arm-chair, with his face to the morning sea.

The tide was going out; the rocky islets stood high out of the green water; the golden sands were widening, till it seemed almost as if the sea were vanishing altogether from this beautiful bay. He sat in a lazy attitude, still thoughtful, with those pleasant thoughts which are the repose of the working man's brain.

"I suppose they will finish their honeymoon in a week or two, and move on to the priory," he said, by and by, revealing the subject of his reverie.

"Yes, Juanita says we may go home as early as the second week in August if we like. She is to be at the Priory in time to settle down comfortably before shooting begins. They will have visitors in September—his sisters don't you know—the Morningsides and the Grenvilles, and children and nurses innumerable full. Lady Jane ought to be there to help her to entertain."

"I don't think Nita will want any help. She will be mistress of the situation, depend upon it, and would be if there were forty married sisters with their husbands and belongings. She seemed to be mistress of us all at Cheriton'

"HE WENT NO FURTHER THAN THE SANDS, WHERE HE PACED SLOWLY TO AND FRO."

"She is so clever," sighed the mother, remembering that Cheriton House would no longer be under that girlish sovereignty.

"A grave looking French-Swiss valet appeared with a telegram on a salver.

"Who can have sent me a *petit bleue?*" exclaimed Lord Cheriton, who was accustomed to receive a good many of those little blue envelopes when he was in Paris, but expected no such communications at St. Malo.

Before leaving for his holiday he had impressed upon land steward and house steward that he was not to be bothered about anything.

"If there is anything wanted you will communicate with Messrs. Dalbrook," he said. "They have full powers."

And yet here was some worrying message—some question about a lease or agreement, or somebody's rick had been burnt, or somebody's chimney had fallen through the roof. He opened the little envelope with a vexed air, resentful of some trivial annoyance. He read the message, and then sat blankly staring; read again and rose from his seat suddenly with a cry of horror.

Never in his life had he experienced such a shock; never had those iron nerves, that heart, burned hard in the furnace of this world's strife, been so tried. He stood aghast, and could only give the little page—with its type-printed syllables—to his scared wife, while he stood gazing at summer sky and summer sea, in a blank helplessness, realizing dimly that something had happened which must change the whole course of the future and overthrow every plan he had ever made.

"The third Baron Cheriton." Strange, but in that awful moment the words he had repeated idly on the sands an hour ago echoed again in his ear.

Alas, he felt as if that title for which he had toiled was already extinct. He saw, as in a vision, the velvet cap, with its coronet of strawberry leaves, and the coffin lid, as the first Lord Cheriton was carried to his grave. That prophetic vision must needs be realised within a few years. There would be no one to succeed him.

Murdered! Why? By whom? What devil had been conjured up to cut short that fair, honest, stainless life! What had Godfrey Carmichael done that a murderer's hand should be raised against him?

The woman's softer nature found relief in tears before the day was done; tears and agonized pacings up and down those rooms where life had been so placid in the sunlight of the last three weeks—agonized supplications that God would take pity upon her widowed girl.

"Such a girl, and so happy, and a widow—a widow before her nineteenth birthday," wailed the mother.

Lord Cheriton's grief was of a sterner kind, and found no outlet in words. He held a brief consultation with his valet, a soldierly-looking man, who had fought under Garibaldi in Bazzundy, when the guerilla captain made his brilliant endeavor to save sinking France. They looked at time-tables, and calculated hours. The express to Paris would not arrive in time for the evening mail via Calais and Dover. It was Saturday. The cargo boat would cross to Southampton that night, and influence would obtain accommodation for his Lordship and party. The valet took a fly and drove off to the quay to find the South-Western superintendent, and secure a private cabin for his master and himself, while Lord Cheriton, left alone to engage a special engine to take them there.

Lord Cheriton telegraphed to his daughter.

"Your mother and I will be with you to-morrow morning. Be brave for our sakes. Remember that you are all we have to live for."

Another telegram to the house-steward ordered a close carriage to be in attendance at Wareham Station from ten o'clock upwards on Sunday morning.

"How quietly you bear it, James," his wife told Lord Cheriton wonderingly, when the mode of their return had been arranged, and her maid was packing her trunks, with those soberly handsome gowns, which had been the wonder of many a butterfly Parisienne.

"Shall I bear it less like a Christian because now as in their earliest years of wedded life. It was only on ceremonious occasions, and when the eyes of society were upon her that she addressed him by his title.

That stern quietude of his, the fine features set rigid, frightened her more than any loquacious grief would have done. And yet she hardly knew whether he felt the calamity too much for words; or whether he did not feel it enough.

"Poor Godfrey," she sighed, "he was so good to me—all that a son could have been—and I only knew him for a year. Poor Juanita. If it had been any other kind of death one might bear it—and yet that he should die at all would be terrible. So young, so handsome—cut off in the flower of his days—and she loved him so. She loved him all her life. What will become of her without him?"

"We will comfort her, Maria, that was the mother's moaning cry all through that dreary day.

Lord Cheriton paced the sands as far as he could go from that giddy multitude in front of the sea wall—beyond the little rocky ridge by the Casino, where the young mothers, bonnes and nurses, and children, and homely, easy-going visitors congregate—away toward Cancale, where all was loneliness. He walked up and down in melancholy meditation. Poor Juanita! He knew now that he had loved this young man almost as well as he loved his own daughter, and that his death had shattered as fair a fabric as ever ambition built on the further side of the grave.

"She will go in mourning for him all the days of her life, perhaps," he thought, "and then some day after I am in my grave she will fall in love with an adventurer, and the estate I love so well will be given to a fool or a knave, or squandered on the Turf or melted at Monte Carlo."

A grim smile curled his lip at a grim thought, as he paced that lonely shore beyond the jutting cliff and the villa on the point.

"I am sorry I left the Bench when I did," he thought; "it would have been something to have put on the black cap and passed sentence upon that poor lad's murderer."

Who was his murderer, and what the motive of the crime? These were questions which Lord Cheriton had been asking himself with maddening iteration through that everlasting summer day. He welcomed the fading sunlight of late afternoon. He could eat nothing, would not even sit down to make a pretence of dining; but waited chafing in the great stone hall of the hotel for the carriage that was to take him and his wife to the boat.

Trains were favorable, and there was no necessity for a special engine to carry Lord Cheriton and his wife to the house of mourning. It was not yet noon when the closed landau drove in at the chief gate of the park, not that side gate in the deep rocky lane, of which Mrs. Porter was custodian. One of the gardeners lived at the lodge, and it was he who opened the gate this Sunday morning. Lord Cheriton stopped the carriage to question him. He had heard a full account of the murder already from the station-master at Wareham.

"Have they found the murderer?" he asked.

"No my Lord, I'm afraid they're not likely to—begging your Lordship's pardon for venturing an opinion."

The man was an old servant, and altogether a superior person.

"Were the gates locked at the usual time on Friday night?"

"Yes, my Lord—the gates were locked, but that wouldn't keep out a foot-passenger. There's the turnstile in Dolbrook."

"Of course. Yes, yes. A London detective has been at work, I hear."

"Yes, my Lord; came yesterday before two o'clock, and has been about with Barber ever since."

Barber was the rural police constable.

"And has he any discovery to tell you?"

"Nothing, my Lord—or it they have it has been kept dark."

Lord Cheriton asked no further questions. The man was right. A detective from Scotland Yard was not likely to talk about any minor discoveries that he might have made. Only the one great discovery that his guilty man would have been instantly made known.

Five minutes later the carriage drew up in front of the house, and Lady Jane, pale and melancholy look the fine old house had with all the windows darkened. It did not look so dismal as a London house with its rows of windows and its flat facade would have looked under similar conditions; for here there was variety of mullion and moulding, bay windows and oriel, gable and lattice, and over all the growth of lovely creeping plants, starry clematis and passion-flower, climbing Dijon roses and the magnolia with its beauty of form and color. Yet the blind windows were there, with their dull, dead look, and chilling suggestion of death within them. Lady Cheriton looked at the house for a moment or so as she got out of the carriage and then burst into tears. It seemed to her as if she had never really realized the stern reality of death till that moment.

She went straight to her daughter's boudoir, and found the poor young widow sitting across the wide expanse of the park, where the turf lay openest to the sunshine, and where the deer were wont to congregate. The garden was at its summer's point just below the window, and consisted only of a broad gravel path, and a strip of flowers at the top of a steep grass bank that sloped down to the ha-ha which divided garden and park. The room was full of Juanita's girlish treasures—evidences of that happy life which had passed—studies and accomplishments begun and abandoned—a zither in one corner—a guitar and a mandolin against the wall—an easel in front of one window—a piano covered with photographs, with amber satin and crammed with all manner of silks, wools, scraps, and unfinished undertakings in another. The room was just as she had left it when she went to London at the beginning of May. She had never occupied it during her honeymoon; and perhaps that was the reason she was here now in her desolation, sitting silent, statue-like, with Lady Jane by her side, on a sofa opposite the oriel. She lifted her eyelids when her mother came into the room, and looked up at her in speechless despair. She uttered no word of greeting, but sat dumbly. Lady Cheriton went over to her, and knelt by her side, and then, feebly, automatically, she put her limp, cold hand into her mother's and hid her bloodless face upon her mother's breast.

Lady Cheriton held her there with one hand while she stretched out her other hand to Lady Jane.

"Dear Lady Jane, how good of you to be with her—to comfort her."

"Where else should I be?—I want to be near him!"

The gentle blue eyes filled with tears, the gracious head trembled a little. Then came a long shivering sigh and silence.

The mother had beside her on the sofa with her child's head leaning forward upon her matronly bosom. There may have been some comfort perhaps in that contact, some recurrence of the thoughts and feelings of earlier years, when the mother could console every grief and mitigate every pain. No words came to either of those three mourners. What could be said to mitigation of a sorrow that seemed to offer no point of relief, no counter-balancing good. There was nothing to be done but to sit still and suffer.

The silence lasted long, and then Juanita lifted her head suddenly from its heavy repose and looked drearily into her mother's face.

"My father has come back with you!" she asked.

"Yes, dearest. We did not lose an hour. Had there been any quicker way of traveling we would have been here sooner."

"My father will be able to find the murderer," said Juanita, scarcely hearing her mother's words, intent upon her own thought. "A great lawyer as he was; a judge, too; he must be able to trace the murderer—to bring him to justice—to take a life for a life. Oh, God!" with a shrill, agonising cry, "could a thousand lives give me back one hour of that one life? Yet it will be something—something—to know that that devil has been killed—killed shamefully, in cold blood, in the broad light of day. Oh, my God, that such a wrong can make his last hours bitter to him, make his last moment hopeless, let him see the gates of hell open before him when he stands trembling with the rope round his neck."

There was something in this vindictive appeal, an intensity of hatred which thrilled the two listeners with an icy horror. It was like a blast from a frozen region blowing suddenly in their faces, and they shivered as they heard. Could the bright, happy girl ever, the loving, kindable girl, who, in those deep, harsh tones, called upon her God for vengeance and not mercy.

"Oh, my love, my poor heart-broken love, pray to Him to have pity upon us. Ask Him to teach us how to bow to the rod, how to bear His chastisement. That is the lesson we have to learn," pleaded Lady Jane, tender and submissive, even in the depth of sorrow.

"Is it? My lesson is to see justice done upon the wretch who killed my husband—the malignant, the merciless devil. There was not one of those slayers of women and children in the Indian mutiny worse than the man who killed my love. What had he done, the kindest and best—generous, frank, pitiful to all who ever came in his way—what had he done to provoke any man to murder him? God, she remember how good he was, and how much brighter and better the world was for having him."

She began to pace the room, as she had paced it again and again in her slow hours of agony, her hands clasped above her dishevelled head, her great dark eyes—so dove-like in their hours of love and happiness—burning with an angry light, lurid almost, in the excitement of her fevered brain. There had been times when Lady Jane had feared that reason must give way altogether amidst the wild delirium of grief. She had stayed to watch, and to console, forgetful of her own heart, putting aside all considerations of her own sorrow as something that might have its way afterwards in order to comfort this passionate mourner.

Comfort, even from affection such as this, was unavailing. Now and again the girl turned her burning eyes upon the mother's pale, resigned face, and for a moment a thought of that chastened, gentle grief softened her.

"Dear, dear Lady Jane, God made you better than any other woman on this earth, I believe," she cried amidst her anguish. "The saints and martyrs must have been like you, but I am not. I am not made like that. I cannot kiss the rod."

(To be Continued.)

Buried Forests.

Extensive forests, covering valleys and hillsides, are overturned, and the uprooted trees form a gigantic barrier, which prevents the flowing off of the waters. An extensive marsh is formed, particularly well adapted for the various kinds of mosses. As they perish they are succeeded by others, and so for generations, in unceasing life and labor, until, in the course of time, the bottom, under the influence of decay and the pressure from above, becomes turf. Far below lies hard coal; the upper part is light and spongy. At various depths, but sometimes as much as twenty-five feet below the surface, an abundance of bogwood is found, consisting mostly of oak, hard and black as ebony, or of the rich, chocolate-colored wood of the yew.

Such ancient forests every now and then rise in awe-inspiring majesty from their graves. The city of Hamburg, its harbor and the broad tracts of land around it, rest upon a forest, which is now buried at an immense depth below the surface. It contains mostly limes and oaks, but must also have abounded with hazel-woods, for thousands of hazel nuts are brought to light by every excavation.

The city of New Orleans, it has been recently discovered, is built upon the most magnificent foundation on which a city ever rose. It was the boast of Venice that her marble palaces rested in the waters of the Adriatic on piles of costly wood, which now serve to pay the debts of her degenerate sons; but our Venice has no less than three tiers of gigantic trees beneath it. They all stand upright, one upon another, with their roots spread out as they grew; and the great Sir Charles Lyell says that the ha-ha which it must have taken at least eighteen hundred years to fill up the chasm, since one tier had to rot away before the tree of the second tier of the swamp before the upper could grow upon it.

A Singular Contest.

Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard, and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many services, they each for recompense, demanded his beautiful niece, Helena, in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for both, could not give either the preference; and, after much delay, told them that from claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent to the marriage of his niece, and they must decide it by their own prowess and address; but as he did not wish to risk the life of either, he had by enjoining them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who should succeed in thrusting his rival into it should obtain his niece.

This strange combat between two gentlemen was in the presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted half an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded to the German, Andre Eihard, Baron of Ischerd, who, when he had got him into the bag, took him on his back and placed him at the emperor's feet, and on the following day married the beautiful Helena.

The Queen's Will.

Truth says: "Several erroneous statements have recently appeared in the papers about the Queen's will. The real truth is that her Majesty's will was made in 1876, and it is a document of portentous length, being engrossed on vellum, quarto size. It is bound up in a huge volume, which is secured by a lock, and at the end there are several blank pages for codicils, of which, up to the present, the Queen has made three, one early in 1879, after the death of Princess Alice; another in the summer of 1882, after the death of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany; and another recently, which deals exclusively with the Jubilee gifts.

A New Monthly.

Canadiana is the name of a new monthly just started in Montreal. It is intended to furnish students of the history of the Dominion with a means of communicating the results of original research and preserving interesting discoveries.

"Though China Fall."

"For my part"—Miss Wight said it as if no other part or parcel of mortal possession were comparable in value—"for my part, I have no sympathy and little tolerance for the superfinement (or disease) of nerves which annihilates self control. There is a want of balance somewhere when a grown woman 'does' Miss Muffet at the sight of a spider, or goes into hysterics at the touch of a mouse. If not"—pausing long enough and speaking slowly enough to italicize the alternative—"a lack of breeding. The true patrician is never off guard."

"Mistress of herself, though China fall," quoted Frank Pryor, in the lazy drawl that could be insolent when he willed.

Some of Mr. Pryor's auditors felt the reply to be a retort, although his eyes were sleepy, his tone impassive.

Only a week before an awkward guest at Miss Wight's had kicked down an old Indian jar into a dozen pieces across the brass fender. The hostess said a frostily civil word to the agonized blunderer, but her brow was not clear for the rest of the evening.

To-night, Sara Logan, a bright vivacious little thing, with a marvellous voice, that accounted for her frequent presence at Miss Wight's famous "evenings," had severed her song with a stifled shriek and fallen, half-fainting, against Frank Pryor, who chanced to stand nearest to her. A mouse, mad with fright and blinded by the light, had run right across her feet. Like the domestic fly, the Arab rodent is no respecter of place and person, and Miss Wight, the accomplished belle and heiress of four seasons, should not have been chagrined by the incident. Yet the edge on the accents that supposed, after the bustle subsided, that "Miss Logan was hardly equal after such a disaster, to finish her song," justified Pryor's "aside" to a crony in passing him on his—Pryor's—return to the drawing room when he had seen Miss Logan and her mother to their carriage.

"Isn't *langue de femme avec sauce piquante* rather a plebeian dish for a fashionable reception?" said the audacious favorite. Nobody had, thus far, been able to determine whether or not he knew himself to be that with the young mistress of the mansion. He was always at her house on At Home evenings and occasionally appeared as her escort in public. When conversing with her he behaved as though she were the only woman ever made, but that passed for little when one noted the catholicity of his homage.

"It is my duty!" he plagiarized Pinafore, by saying when rallied upon this one of his ways.

The gentle resignation of the drawl, almost as celebrated as was poor Travers' stammer, converted the quotation into a *bon mot*. It was nearly midnight when Miss Wight adroitly brought the talk around to the unfortunate escapade of the mouse. A dozen people,

grouped about the library fire, were the foitsam and jetsam of the brilliant tide that had over-swept the superb spaces of the drawing-rooms earlier in the night. Pryor called the conversazione of selected and assorted spirits, convened thus at the close of each weekly reception, "the gilt edge of the evening." Miss Wight's widowed chaperon had a seat in a shadowed nook. The belle leaned back in a deep arm-chair in the full but mellowed light of the wax candles. Frank Pryor stood at the corner of the hearth facing her, his broad shoulders against the mantle. He was straight, tall and well made, with gray eyes and brown hair. His face was too gaunt to be handsome; his nose too prominent. A heavy moustache veiled the corners of a somewhat large mouth and gave opportunities of effects to white teeth. His eyelids drooped slightly when he was not speaking or listening to a woman; the weary lift of his brows, when he chose to be cynical or incredulous, was inimitable by art. With all of what would be esteemed, abstractly considered, his physical disadvantages, he contrived to be the most distinguished-looking man of the Wight clique.

The hostess colored faintly, yet perceptibly.

"It is evident that our views clash here." She answered his tone, not his words. "It is rather uncommon to meet a man who admires the heroic element in a woman. Your sex covets a monopoly of the trait. However you may sneer at Lydia Languish on the stage, in real life she has more adorers than Di Vernon."

"There we are at variance"—the dawn of something in his eyes and smile untranslatable by her unless she admitted a probability which fanned the flicker of color into a glow. "Even while you talked of the number of timid women you know, my mind was contrasting my estimation of them with the intensity of admiration I feel for the heroine of a true story one of the fellows was telling in my room the other night. A tale that fairly froze my blood. I labeled and laid it aside to repeat to you at the first favorable opportunity."

Pryor's stories were the greater treat because he seldom volunteered a recital. Miss Wight would have pawned her finest diamond to know what she was the heroine of one. To be told in others' hearing that he had treasured this or anything else he valued for her, was distinction.

She did not join in the demand raised at once that he should consider this the favoring opportunity, and that the rest might share his narrative reserved for her. When he yielded gracefully, being too well-bred to feign diffidence, she sat with down-cast lids, toying with her fan while he talked, a beautiful study of modest attention.

"It happened two years ago when the heroine was a mere slip of a girl, only nineteen years old. A gay little creature who had never known a real care, or faced an exigency. Her father owned a semi-country house in New Jersey. I think it was near Morristown. A trig, ultra-modern villa, with as many 'improvement' in and about it as a Fifth avenue brown stone front. As nearly as I can make out, the inmates of the villa (semi-rural) were as comfortably and incorrigibly commonplace as their house. They had plenty of money, lived affectionately with one another and socially with their neighbors; had a tennis ground out of doors, and a billiard-room in-doors; a coachman who slept over the stable, and a gardener (married) at his lodge. Altogether the conventional thing, you see, including a pair of carriage-horses and a pony-phaeton, with a coach-dog to run between the first-named and a poodle to be aired in the last. My heroine was the middle child—always an unenviable position—and had two brothers older and two sisters younger than herself.

"One night—it was late in August and rainy—she went to her room at the usual hour; read her usual chapter in the Bible; said her usual prayer (sweet saint!) and was soon as sound asleep as if the wicked godmother and the spindle had set her up—or down—as a modern edition of the Sleeping Beauty.

"She thought it was daylight when she became vaguely aware that she was not alone in the room.

"Miss Wight! your royal indifference to the first thrilling point of my story is depressingly uncomplimentary. Were it not for Miss Styles' dramatic sigh and Miss Rayner's opportune shiver, I should not have the heart to proceed."

Miss Wight glanced up shyly, and answered languidly.

"Conventional still," she said. "The disturber of the Sleeping Beauty scene was, of course, a burglar—enterprising or otherwise. The gleam of light was a dark lantern. The setting is picturesque, but hackneyed. It is novelty, and of a bold order, that makes us thrill in this *blaze age*.

Pryor's eyebrows expressed a high degree of admiration.

"You are right as to outline, but a little off" as to detail. The intruder was not a common burglar, but the new coachman who had, that day, assisted in removing the silver trunk from a small closet in her mother's chamber to a larger one in The Heroine's own room. She knew him instantly, although he wore a shade over his eyes, and his face was blackened. He was turning down the gas-burner to a dim and most unholy light. Before he looked toward her she did what every discreet (and conventional) person, in a story or out, does in such circumstances. She shut her eyes and feigned to be asleep. I do not know whether or not it is also the conventional thing for the pretended sleeper to fancy that her eyelids are transparent. The conceit may have been original with My Heroine. But she saw, as well as heard him come to her bedside, and stand there motionless. The only sound in the room was the thud of her racing heart-beats. He must hear them, she feared. She controlled her breathing by a powerful exercise of will, taking in regular inspirations—somewhat jerky, like one in heavy slumber—and respired as regularly. The time and rhythm of the lungs were perfect. The heart was a different matter. The machinery of a young woman's heart is usually an exception to the prevailing conventionality of her system. It was almost a relief when the slight rustle of his hand in moving to his pocket drowned the agitated beat! beat! beat! of the lawless organ.

"The man drew out a handkerchief and a small bottle. She heard him draw the cork; the gurgle of the contents; even the soaking of the liquid into the linen; the replacement of the cork; heard him set the vial upon the light-stand at the bed-head. With the first spill of the volatile fluid, she smelled the chloroform. She had known what was coming when she heard him open the bottle. In the instant that elapsed before he lowered it to within a quarter inch of her face she had drawn in a long, long breath. She held it until he let down the wet linen upon her nostrils. Then she gave it out as a miser lets go of his hoard—a nickel at a time, we will say.

"Or—it was more like the way rations are given out to the shipwrecked crew of a longboat. When that was exhausted there was no more where it came from, you see. The supply of oxygen lasted a fearfully short time, dole it out as she might. When no air remained in the collapsed lungs, she held her breath again until her chest ached to agony. In spite of her heroic efforts the deadly fumes were gaining upon her.

"Miss Wight! if your respiration is entirely normal, I have mistaken my vocation, and shall abjure story-telling henceforward. Allow me!"

Before she could anticipate the movement, he stopped to lay his finger on her pulse. A mere touch and a light one, but the color leaped hotly up to her forehead. In the eyes, suddenly upraised, there was an anomalous mingling of surprise, timidity and pleading.

"Thank you!" said Pryor, with an odd little smile. "My Heroine had to breathe again by-and-by, of course.

"I must take in as little as I can,' said the shrewd brain within the curly head.

"Did I tell you that her hair was golden and curled naturally? She lay on her right side, one hand partly under her cheek, a circumstance to which she probably owed her life, as we shall see. The anesthetic was dizzying her slowly, but inevitably. As the voice of one a long way off, she heard the man mutter:

"'By George! she's off already!' He was not an expert, or the work of deception might have been more difficult. He turned to the stand, struck a match and lighted a wax taper that stood there. In so doing, he removed his hand from the cloth he had applied to her nostrils. In a quarter-second, she slipped the forefinger of the hand on which her cheek rested under the edge of the handkerchief, and let in a tiny stream of fresh air.

"Her head was preternaturally clear when the ugly mouth muttered again: 'We'll see how sound you are, my lady!'

"He lifted the other hand which lay on the coverlet. How was she, an ignorant, untried child, to know that it ought to be limp and nerveless, if she were insensible? That she made it so is the highest proof of the superiority of human instinct above that of the brute creation I ever heard of.

"The cool devil—(excuse me, ladies! The fittest word will escape the best regulated lips at times!)—held the pretty, taper, rosy-tipped forefinger of this lax left hand in the flame of the candle."

A shuddering groan escaped the audience. Only Miss Wight uttered no sound. Her fingers were interlocked, the blood pressed back from her lips.

Pryor watched her curiously, in continuing:

"She did not flinch. When he let go the hand it dropped limply back upon the coverlet. Still carrying the taper, he passed around the foot of the bed, and beyond it into the spacious closet where stood the big trunk.

"My Heroine waited until she heard him raise the lid, and, then, the faint jingle of silver. She turned her head and saw him bending over the trunk, his back to her. With the bound of a young chamois, she sprang across the room, locked and bolted him into the closet, and screamed for help.

"When her brothers rushed into the chamber, she was leaning with all her weight against the door, the panels of which were already split by the shoulders and foot of the imprisoned burglar.

"As I said, the story is too true to be artistic, and I should have made more of the most dramatic point if the narration had not been the means to an end. I designed it as the preface to the announcement of my engagement to the heroine."

He could not be heard for one clamorous minute. Then "Miss Wight's voice, clear in tone, refined in quality, measured and true in articulation, that finally made itself distinct.

"When are we to see the bravest of her sex, and take our part in awarding her the honor which is her due?"

She faced him as they stood on the rug; the chastened lustre of the wax-lights showed each the depths of each others' eyes, as he replied:

"You have already met and known her. She fainted this evening at the sight of a mouse."

Shear Nonsense.

Fred—I say, Minnie, I've got two stalls for a matinee this afternoon. Will you go?

Minnie—Oh, I can't, Fred; my hat is so shabby.

Fred—Never mind that, my love; take it off when you get in, and the whole of those behind you will admire your brains.

Roland (to a Beefeater, temp: Henry VIII.)—You were very attentive to Miss Goldswallow just now. May I ask if you are Senator Goldwallow, sir?

Beefeater—Not much! 'E ain't 'alf my 'eight. H.me one of the hextra waiters.

Ted—She's a spanking fine girl.

Ned—Yes; a schoolma'am.

Mrs. Kindheart (to humorist who has had his right arm amputated at the elbow)—How ever will you manage to write now?

Humorist—With my funny bone, I suppose.

An English ship which recently entered Vera Cruz had seven of its crew laid up with broken bones. The mate had been practicing on them for a week or two, and he was astonished that any complaint should be made.

An Ohio cow was found in a swamp the other day where she had passed thirty-six days and nights of anxious waiting. She had grown so thin that a man easily picked her up, and it took three days to get her full of hay.

"Medical science has made such progress," said the doctor when speaking of his profession, "that it is almost impossible for anybody to be buried alive now," Then he wondered why everybody laughed.

Edwin—You look as white as the snow that's falling. I could squeeze you to death.

Angelina—Don't do that. Sleigh me!

Bessie—Do you think old Mr. Gaggles has any idea of marrying again?

Maude—I should say he had. He has just hired a typewriter.

Doctor—Old Soak, what are you weeping for?

Old Soak—I'm weeping because you've forbidden me to smile.

Fiter—I was astounded to see you writing articles in favor of Bilious and Nerveline Pills.

Riter—Yes, and I am splendidly paid for it.

Fiter—Who pays you?

Riter—The National Undertakers' Association.

"My dearest Nelly, I could not rest until I had come and made an effort to dispel the gloomy thoughts which, to judge from your letter of yesterday, threatened to develop into suicidal mania. 'Tis true Alfred has jilted you, the wretch! Still, try to act like a sensible girl, and look out for another to take his place." "Your advice comes too late, darling." "Good gracious, Nelly, you surely haven't taken poison!" "Well, n—n—no; but the fact is, I—I became engaged again yesterday!"

"John," she said softly, "have you been saying anything about me to mother lately?" "No," replied John. "Why do you ask?" "Because she said this morning she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now, I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother." And John said he would.

He (reading)—Now, that's what I call common sense. She—What's that, John? He—An eminent physician says that if men would walk up and down stairs more, they would be healthier. She—That's a sensible doctor. By the way, I wish you would go down in the cellar and bring up a load of wood and some coal before you go to bed, John.

Despite the fact that women lace, wear thin shoes and expose their health in a dozen other ways, the average of longevity of the female sex is increasing. It is doubtless due to their obstinacy.

"Where would you advise me to go to doctor? I suffer so from insomnia."

"You'd better go to sleep."

Wife—Well, have you found employment yet? Husband (gloomily)—No; but (brightening) we won't freeze. I robbed a dude of his cane. We'll have wood to burn all winter.

He—Miss, I love you passionately; may I speak to your parents? She—Yes, of course; what else are parents for?

Mr. Snell is one of those gentlemen who know, or rather pretend to know, everybody, was neatly caught a few days ago.

"By the way, Smith," said a friend, "is Bishop Smith a relation of yours?"

"Yes," replied Smith, "I don't exactly know what relation; but a distant cousin of some sort."

"Oh!" remarked the friend, "there is a picture of him in this week's *Illustrated*."

Smith hastily took up the paper, with honest pride on his countenance, and found that his distinguished relative was a black gentleman and the first Bishop of Tolulu.

Guest (registering at a Washington hotel on the Honorable Leander Sloan Sloan Hawbuck, Ketchum's Corners, Back County, Illinois. M. C., wich is, Member of Congress.

Clerk (rising him up)—All right, Mr. Hawbuck; want a dollar and a half room, I suppose?

Mr. Hawbuck—Well, yes, though I didn't expect to get one for that. Why, last winter at the Corners I paid as high as two dollars and a half a week fur jest board, when my wife was down to her mother's on a visit. But, I 'spose you fellows make special rates to us statesmen.

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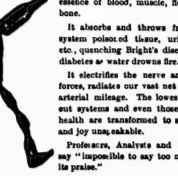

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Home Influences.

There is great danger that in the rush and whirl of modern life the value of home influences and the homely joys of the fireside will be overlooked. Nowadays every man is a politician and interested in public affairs. Business is more exigent than formerly, and it intrudes upon the hours formerly held sacred to the domestic circle. The caucus and the lodge meeting, the club and the public gathering engross a continually increasing share of our leisure time and draw men away from their hearthstones and families. There are many who are by no means dissipated or irregular in their habits, who seldom or never spend an evening in the house. There is always something to take them down town. This is not a healthy state of affairs. It is the special pride of Anglo-Saxon civilization that it cherishes the home and fosters and develops home life and the domestic virtues. Public spirit is an admirable trait, and it is always well that men should mix freely with their fellows and avoid becoming recluses and misanthropes. But is there not danger of the opposite tendency being carried too far? It is not fair to the wife and mother that she should be condemned to pass long, lonely evenings while the head of the house is hardly at home long enough to make the acquaintance of his children. It would be better to be a little less anxious about which set of politicians rules the country, and to let lodge-night pass occasionally without putting in an appearance, just to spend a quiet evening at home.

Caste Prejudices.

It is an accusation often brought against society that it tends to foster prejudices of caste, whic ought to have no place in a democratic country like Canada. Some people are never tired of railing at those who participate in the pleasures of refined society as snobs and would-be aristocrats, who look with contempt upon honest industry, and estimate every man's worth by the length of his pedigree or his purse. There are people no doubt who are fairly open to criticism of this sort. But the worship of blue blood is by no means a characteristic of Canadian society. As a rule it takes a man or woman at their face value. So long as he or she is well-behaved, affable and willing to conform to the rules of etiquette and good taste it troubles itself very little as to who their ancestors were, or how they came by their money. There is perhaps no country in the world where there is less of what can properly be termed class feeling. People who have made their way by the most "plebeian" (according to the Old Country standard) vocations pass within its circle unchallenged, if otherwise unexceptionable. There is no such thing as "caste," strictly speaking, in our social life. Of course, an absolute boor or sloven will be certain to find the doors of the best houses closed against him—and he is very apt to lay the flattering unction to his soul that he is ostracized on account of his humble origin or trade. But the line is drawn as a rule on the entirely different ground of personal disqualification on account of habits or demeanor inconsistent with refined social intercourse. Extreme poverty is, of course, in the very nature of things, a bar to mixing in society—but short of this money is not an essential. There are many who have the *entree* to the mansions of our leading magnates who are barely able to keep their heads above water and have none of those advantages of birth or wealthy connections, which often supply the place of personal wealth, as a passport to favor. It is extremely difficult to define the qualities which fit anyone for society, or the reasons why some are admitted and others apparently their equals excluded. Perhaps no closer definition is possible than that given by Dr. Johnson, when he said that the requisite for admission to a club was that the applicant should be a "clubbable man." But at all events it is not caste prejudice that excludes anyone.

We are all dissatisfied. The only difference is that some of us sit down in the squalor of our dissatisfaction, while others make a ladder of it.

Young people should never forget that they have in their brains and hands, while the power of the brains and hands remains, actual money-yielding capital more satisfying than Consols.

It is bad policy to be haughty, repellant, unsocial. The most resolute aspirant to wealth or position may stumble as he climbs, and, if no one stretches out a finger to save him, may roll headlong to a depth far below the point from which he started. A lift for a lift is the business rule of to-day.

A difference between honorable and dishonorable competition is the conduct of the victor to the vanquished. Some men rise above others only to crush them—others to lift and exalt them. Some boast with noisy triumph and scorn those who are left behind; others have "a way of making people feel comfortable." One artist who has risen high in public favor uses his influence to depreciate the works of his brother artists; another takes them by the hand and gives them courage for fresh endeavors.

There has been no dearth of musical subjects during the last week, events having crowded each other rather too closely for my own personal comfort; for my loyalty to the intelligent readers of this column has made me anxious to see and hear everything so that I might be able to give true and faithful accounts of my sensations at the events which have occurred. The first was the amateur performance of Maritana which I shall dismiss with very few words. Like all amateur performances it was better in its musical than in its histrionic details, the honors going to Miss Jardine Thompson as Maritana, and to Mr. W. Harold Parr as Don Jose. The lady was gay and sprightly, and sang very prettily—the gentleman was tragic and sinister, and sang very acceptably—all as it should be. The other characters were nicely done, especially Lazarillo, by Mrs. Guerin, whose singing was much superior to her costume, which certainly resembled that of no boy in the world, except possibly that of a Russian moujik. Old dwellers of Bay street may, however, remember a youngster in the fifties, who afterwards figured incidentally in a hotly contested question of Provincial politics, who, I verily believe, was kept in skirts until he was eight or nine years old. He was the only being I ever saw in the shape of a boy who looked like this Lazarillo. Criticism, as such, is so obviously out of place concerning a performance like Maritani, that little remains to be said, except general praise for the degree of success attained under circumstances not altogether conducive to perfection. The chorus sang remarkably well when it is considered that no guiding hand was visible, though that of Mme. Stuttaford was audible at the piano, and did yeoman service in holding her forces together.

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The same evening—Thursday, February 14—Mr. Vogt's thoughtful lecture on Wagner and his school was delivered at the College of Music to a very large audience, who surely received new light on the aims and aspirations of a man whose music is supposed by those who have not heard it to be an alternation of noise and dreariness, so much has his work been maligned and caricatured. For myself, though, I have not heard much of his music, I must say I have not heard a single uninteresting bar, though I believe that had he lived in America, he never could have elaborated and interwoven his themes as deliberately as he has done. Our life and its influences on all who come under its irresistible pressure is too fast for such workmanship. Its beauty, however, must be admitted by all tone-lovers, and Mr. Vogt is doing good service by placing before us Wagner's intellectual as well as his merely sensuous side. The illustrative playing of Mr. Vogt on the organ and Mr. Field on the piano were valuable adjuncts to the lecture, the technical and artistic resources of these gentlemen admirably. Mlle. Adele Strauss and Mr Schuch also contributed to the interest of the evening by their well rendered vocal selections.

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Friday brought in its train the conversazione at the University, in whose enjoyment music is no mean factor. And the root of this factor, so to speak, is the University Glee Club, which sang admirably. It was steady in tone and time, under splendid discipline and performed its shading and phrasing with most commendable unanimity. Its singing and the choice of its subjects reflected great credit upon its conductor, Mr. Schuch. The programmes of the two concerts generally were very good and were well carried out. Mrs. Mackelcan and Miss Campbell both sang with grace and artistic finish, the different timbre of their voices providing an agreeable contrast. Mrs. Mackelcan's happy way of responding to encores by seating herself at the piano and dashing off an impromptu ballad was indeed charming, and were I not already conquered by her fine voice and delivery, I think I should always insist upon an encore just for this effect. The rare sweetness of Miss Campbell's voice, and her excellent vocalization ensured her a hearty and well-deserved reception. Mons. Boucher has been surprising all his friends of late by the great improvement in his playing, and on Friday evening he excelled himself. His tone has become broader and fuller, and his bowing seems to have acquired new certainty and ease, and above all his conception of his pieces has become more artistic and elegant. Mr. Mundie seemed somewhat oppressed with nervousness, but nevertheless he sang very sweetly and with considerably feeling. Mr. Schuch was in good voice, and made a hit with his song and encore piece. The readings by Miss Nora Coleman were much admired, showing a reserve of power and feeling which, combined with a pleasing appearance, made a most favorable impression. The accompaniments were excellently played by Mme. Boucher and Messrs. Vogt and Fairclough.

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The second Albani concert brought out all the enthusiasts and a great many of the fashionables, and was to me more enjoyable than the first one. Her support seemed to feel more at home, and Mr. Foote, especially, sang well and worked up a fine climax in Tosti's More and More, which was composed expressly for him. Mme. Albani was in splendid voice, and never sang better in Toronto. I never heard a more magnificent bit of singing than her rendering of With Verdure Clad. Every coloring of tone, every shade of intensity, every detail of phrasing that the highest art could suggest was given in perfection. I can imagine nothing omitted in that marvellous rendition. And then the exquisite ease and precision with which each note dropped like a pearl! The utmost refinement of vocalization was combined with the dignity and depth of feeling requisite for the ideal oratorio delivery. Her Caro Nome, probably her most difficult number, was sung with such certainty and decision, as almost to make it bellicose, so triumphant was its swing. *Au reste*, her encore pieces were delightful, particularly the Souvenir du Jeune Age, with its pathetic plea: Rendez-moi ma Patrie. Miss Dalman's singing was excellent, notably the Gavotte from Mignon, and as for Sig. Bevignani's accompaniments, who did not admire them? Mr. Barrett's excellent flute playing and his wonderful skill should come in for strong praise, which I cheerfully accord, but in my heart of hearts, I hate the "melancholy flute," with its plaintive, suffering, passive toots. That Mme. Albani may once more come here before she crosses the ocean is a wish that I am sure finds an echo in hundreds of hearts in Toronto.

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Not only as a singer does Mme. Albani exercise a powerful charm; as a woman, as a lady of the *salon* her gifts are equally potent. A couple of interviews with which I was favored, produced a strong impression on me. First of all, the warm, unaffected hand clasp of welcome, which makes you feel on terms of friendship at once and removes all idea of that divinity that doth hedge a great prima donna; next you observe the sweet, gentle smile—not a lip-smile, but a smile in which kindliness and *wohlwollen* beam from the eyes—and the gracious ease of the lady of the world, flitting from guest, to guest, saying just the right words in the right place, beginning and ending the conversation without the slightest effort. When you have become used to following her motions and hearing the sweet, low, *trainante* voice, with its prettiest and most caressing of French accents you again notice what first strikes all who see Mme. Albani or her photographs. I mean the weight and fulness over the eye, which indicates a strength and nobility of character, and firmness of purpose, and high principle, not suggested by the gentleness of her other features. She has the royal gift of saying something to you that is so appropriate to your own individuality that you fancy for the moment that she has been making a special study of you and knows all about you.

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Her kindness and encouragement of young aspirants to vocal honors is proverbial, and was not wanting in Toronto. On Monday evening, one of our most popular singers came up to me with eyes at once beaming with honest pride and dewy with emotion, and exclaimed: "Sie hat mich gekuesst! Sie hat mich gekuesst!" This young lady went to the dressing-room and was received most kindly by Mme. Albani, and complimented upon the favorable report presented by Sig. Bevignani, who had heard the young lady sing. After many gentle words of praise and encouragement she dismissed her with a kiss of which our young vocalist is reasonably proud. I introduced two young ladies to her, of whom one in an excess of fervid enthusiasm and admiration kissed the diva's hands. Mme. Albani at once drew the lady to her, and bestowed a sweet kiss upon her fair cheek (it was passing fair!), and then saluted the sister in like manner. Her visit here was full of such kindly and gentle acts. The incense of praise that has been burned at her feet for twenty years has left her unspoiled.

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The indivisibility of matter was strikingly exemplified on Saturday evening when I could not be in two places at once, whereby I lost the pleasure of seeing the immense audience in the Pavilion which greeted the quarterly concert of the Conservatory, and whereby I also missed the pleasure of hearing some most promising students, by all accounts. There can be no doubt that the Conservatory has shown to great advantage at this concert, and I hear nothing but praise on all sides.

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Buffalo has a new string quartette. Toronto also has one, but it is only incidental. If I were one of its members, I should hire a hall, prepare a programme, and issue invitations to well-known music lovers, and give a concert—that is, if my confreres and my friends could play well enough. Gentlemen executants of the gentle art, blow your own trumpets, and let us know what you can do. If you don't do the blowing act, no one will do it for you, and as it is most to your interest, do it yourselves, and let us know that you are alive.

METRONOME.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Next Tuesday, February 26, the Philharmonic Society gives Handel's great oratorio Samson, with a chorus of 300 voices and 65 pieces in the orchestra. Miss Hortense Pierse of New York will be the soprano, M'lle Adele Strauss contralto, Chas. A. Rice of New York, and A. E. Dent of Toronto tenors, D. M. Babcock of Boston and F. W. Warrington of Toronto bass. With this array of talent and the deservedly high reputation of the society, the success of the concert is a matter of certainty.

The great cornetist, Levy, and his European concert company, will appear in the Pavilion, Monday evening, March 4. The excellence of the company and the very moderate prices, should certainly attract a good house. Those who have yet to hear his wonderful music; see his complete mastership of the instrument; his manipulation of the pistons, and marvellous tongueing, will not hesitate to concede his eminent right to all the honors that have been heaped upon him. It may be interesting to know that when the present Emperor of Germany was Crown Prince, Mr. Levy was his honored guest for two years. Mr. Levy, who has won so many triumphs all over Europe, Australia, and America, may be quite sure that the taste for music of the highest class, which is so marked a characteristic of this community, will afford him prompt recognition of his ability.

The combined Band Concert of the Queen's Own Rifles and the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, which takes place next Thursday evening, February 28, will be a notable event. Miss Clara E. Barnes of Buffalo, will be the soloist, and the programme, which is before me, is an exceedingly interesting one. Mr. J. Bayley will be the musical conductor, and as Toronto takes such pride in her band, in fact the proceeds are for its encouragement, it should lead them to select this entertainment as one doubly worthy of their patronage.

On the Slow & Creep Railroad.

Conductor—Fare, sir. Where are you going? Innocent Passenger—Going? Why, I didn't know we were going. Well, I'm glad of it.

A small but enthusiastic audience greeted Shamus O'Brien last Monday night at the Grand. What it lacked in quality was made up in fervor. All worthy sentiments, all bursts of patriotic eloquence, all references to Ireland! Liberty! Freedom! all fairly good or atrociously bad acting were, with admirable impartiality, heartily applauded.

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The plot of the play was unnatural. A young lady of the landlord class falls in love with one of the tenantry, a big rollicking country lad with nothing on earth to recommend him but his fighting weight, about one hundred and sixty pounds, and the irresistible inclination he manifests to knock people down. The love story runs through the whole play and ends in the entirely original finale of marriage. The counterplot with the usual villain is shown forth in the person of an evicted tenant who turns informer, is in the pay of an English lieutenant (who is in love with the heroine), and works unheard-of mischief until he is providentially shot. I admired very much the acting of Mr. Cahill as Shandrach O'Finn. I couldn't help wishing he hadn't been quite so horrible. I thought I could stand anything after La Tosca in the line of horrors, but O'Finn's diabolical politeness and too realistic villainy wasn't a thing I care to see three nights and a matinee.

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Miss Walsh as the patriotic heroine showed decided talent. Her somewhat stagey attitudes are redeemed by real vigor and life in the delivery of her lines. Miss Fanny Osborne sang a native Irish song in that rich Celtic, "which," according to Shamus, "was spoken before Italian was printed or Moses went bulrushing." Shamus O'Brien was probably more correct in this statement than he ever imagined.

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The songs were good on the whole. Mr. Verner's Live in My Heart and Pay No Rent, and another that was evidently original, were especially welcomed.

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Some of the scenes were very effective, such as Shamus' farewell to his mother, his welcome home, and the pathetic rendering of Come Back to Erin, the graceful exit of Shandrach at the end of the first act, aided thereto by the toe of Shamus' boot, and the last cheerful scene when a gallows and impending execution held the boards.

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I felt nervous during the first act. A gun was left on the stage floor pointing right at me, and Miss Wentworth showed such a decided inclination to tread on it that I wanted to go out. I couldn't see exactly the dramatic use of that gun, and as an ornament it was a failure. I am happy to be able to chronicle the successful result of its waiting so long on the floor. The O'Finn was shot at the end by that very gun.

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The other actors were passable; some good, some bad, some indifferent; mostly bad.

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The terrors of the Cattle King still weighed like a nightmare on my chest when I took my seat at the Toronto Opera House to witness Over the Garden Wall, a musical extravaganza.

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The title of this piece speaks largely for itself. The plot is immaterial, and the performance is largely made up of variety business; but the piece is good of its kind, and the fun, mostly of the rough-and-tumble description, is fast and furious enough to drive away the blues. It seems impossible, apparently, to produce a play of this class without introducing the inevitable Irish female domestic, and Mr. James Russell's Bridget is certainly very funny indeed, and his efforts were well appreciated. Mr. Mason's impersonation of the drunken husband is coarse and not at all humorous, though his acting generally is good. The remainder of the cast are about on a par, and perhaps the least said about their singing the better. They all help to keep the fun at fever point, and play well together. A word is due to Mr. Bruno's comic recitations. The Discovery of America in Anglo-Italian is a decided hit. Miss Rosita Worrel is bright and amusing and throws much vivacity into her work.

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The Canadian composer, for whom SATURDAY NIGHT was hunting at Christmas time to write the music for some three or four hundred comic operas, which bright young Canadians have penned, has turned up in the person of Mr. Clarence Lucas, teacher of composition in the College of Music. Mr. Lucas has written the music for Mr. J. W. Bengough's clever satirical libretto Puff & Co., which is sparkling with the bits of tingling verse and patter songs for which pretty, catchy music can be written. There are numerous choruses of equal strength. Mr. Lucas has proved an able collaborateur, and there seems to be no good reason why the names of J. W. Bengough and Clarence Lucas should not become as prominent in the operatic world as those of Gilbert and Sullivan. In all probability the opera will be produced by Toronto amateurs in the spring.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mme. Emma Albani will make her New York debut in the fifth and last Seidl concert, which takes place at Steinway Hall on Saturday, March 2.

Mr. G. Sargent has undertaken a commission from Mr. Irving to paint a portrait of Ellen Terry. Mr. Irving stipulated that the lady was to be painted as she appears in private life, but the artist, while present at the first night of Macbeth, was so enchanted with Miss Terry's appearance in the beetlewing robes that he made a hasty sketch, and sent it to the actress as a suggestion for the portrait. Miss Terry was quite delighted with the idea, and promised to talk over Mr. Irving. The picture is to be life-size, with the elaborate Lyceum scenery for a background, and Mr. Sargent confidently hopes to achieve a great artistic triumph.

Vers de Societie.

THE SACRIFICE.

For Saturday Night.

Only a rosebud, withered and brown!
It has lain on my heart through the long, sad night;
What marvel then if so fierce a heat
Has scorched and shrivelled its dainty white?

We had wandered away from the heat and the g'are;
From the restless, chattering, curious crowd;
And she gave it me in an alcove where,
Over her bouquet, our heads were bow'd.

I thought she must hear my heart's wild throb,
As she laid her flower on my trembling palm;
While I could have cursed her—sitting serene—
She looked so faultlessly cold and calm.

But she suddenly lifted her long white lids,
And her eyes met mine for a moment a space,
And I saw all her love in their radiant depths,
While the crimson flooded her fair young face.

Then a hush—pain-burthened—upon us fell;
For she might not tell, and I dared not ask.
Oh, Honor! that bids us a life's hope slay,
You almost set us too hard a task.

Together we rose, and in silence sought
The chattering crowd, and without one sign
We parted there, and this withered bud
Is all that remains of that dream of mine.

THE DECISION.

They stand beneath the shaded light of lamps
That swing from crystal rods, o'er palms and ferns;
In the soft gloom about them lilies gleam,
And near them many a curious cactus burns.

Around are beauteous roses, and the forms
Of strange, fantastic orchids from far lands;
Among the ferns a sparkling fountain springs,
And shrined in green a snowy statue stands.

So—flower-girt—seem they like that earliest pair
In Eden ere the exiling sentence fell.
Silent—and why? Flushed brow and trembling lip
And drooping lid—dew-burthened—show full well.

The old, old story—and for good or ill,
Now, for all time, her answer must decide.
He proudly waits; she vacillating stands.
Shall it be yes, or nay; true love or pride?

A waltz's passion thrills the odorous air.
In the bright distance airy dancers trip.
Or yes or nay? Love only, or all this?
The die is cast, and trembling lips meet lips

MAURICE ORMOND.

To a Flirt.

For Saturday Night.

You frowned when last we met. Not so
You met me some short months ago;
For then both eye and brow were clear.
Until you knew I held you dear
You watched each idle word beguile;
—Our spirits kissed at every smile—
But when you knew me wholly won
You laughed and said your sport was done.
Then need you frown because you heard
From lips that loved—a bitter word
And pass me coldly by? Not so
You passed me some short months ago.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. MERRONER.

Futurity.

For Saturday Night.

What of our life when this frail flesh lies low
A withered clod, and the free soul has burst
Through the world-fetters? Not of souls accursed
With body-lusts that mar them, those who sow
Evil, and reap the harvest, and who bow
At Mammon's golden shrine, but those who thirst
For Truth, and see not—spirits deep immersed
In doubt and trouble,—hearts that fain would know?

The soul is satisfied. The Spirit trained
For the Divine, because the Beautiful
Now, with the body gone, free and unstained,
Doubts swept away like clouds of scattering wool
Before a blast,—e'er Heaven's pure paths are trod
Is perfected to understand its God.

NEWCASTLE, N. B. SOPHIE M. ALMON.

The Mother's Story.

It was Christmas. All the night time, long and dreary,
We had wandered in the cold and sonber street
Till our very hearts were growing faint and weary,
Yes, as weary as our tired and aching feet.
But when the morning came and all the bells were ringing
And were caroling, "Good will and peace on earth,"
And within the grand cathedrals choirs were singing,
And the air seemed full of merriment and mirth,
Then we drifted, 'neath the dim sepulchral wreathing
Of the snow flakes, to a hallway, shadowed o'er,
And we listened to our babe's uncertain breathing,
And we watched to hear it cease forevermore.

Oh, our little one, our blossom, frail and pretty!
How untiringly, for her sake, had we plead,
Searching ever through the vast unfriendly city,
Seeking vainly but to earn our daily bread!
But it seemed the right of working was denied us,
And we could not even toil for her we loved;
And we saw her tender spirit droop beside us,
Seeming, hour by hour, more helplessly removed.

O ye bells! ye merry bells in yonder steeple!
Are ye mocking us, I wonder, here below,
That ye ring so loud, while countless starving people
Wander drearily, not knowing where to go?

And when Christmas dawned the cruel men bereft us
Of the bare and lonely spot we called our home,
And we found no better fate our life had left us,
Than a place beneath the skies wherever to roam.
But my babe was on my bosom still smiling,
And I clasp her yet more closely in my arm,
And my very heart leaped out as it were straining
To encompass her, and save her from all harm—
But in vain. My heart was strong, oh, strong to love her;
But it could not keep the piercing blast away.
And so, even while our faces bent above her,
She had closed her eyes, and slumbered as she lay.

Now I grow more calm; I have no tears for weeping—
Nay, I scarcely mourn the loss of her dear life,
And it seemeth even well to see her sleeping
Far away from all the tumult and the strife.
For this world is very bleak and full of sorrow,
And its thorns would surely wound her tender feet.
Better, far, a tranquil grave, where each to-morrow
Brings no grieving, only quiet, pure and sweet.
But my heart—ah me, my lonely heart is sighing,
As it droops in speechless woe within my breast—
"Ah, that I, like thee, my little one, were lying
In the silence of a deep, unbroken rest."

True goodness is not without that germ of greatness which can bear with patience the mistakes of the ignorant and the censures of the malignant. The approbation of God is her exceeding great reward, and she would not debase a thing so precious to her by an association with the contaminating plaudits of man.

Noted People.

Queen Natalie of Servia has received permission to see her young son at Bucharest, but the Minister of War and two officers must be present at all their meetings.

The divine Sarah Bernhardt, it seems, can occasionally descend to very mean vengeance on those who affront her. Once, at Catana, she had only been invited to appear at a single night's representation, and, furious at such want of appreciation on the part of the townsfolk, she went up to her bedroom the last minute before departing by train, and emptied a large ink-bottle into the bed!

The new Japanese Minister at Washington, Mr. Mentau, has one of the most beautiful homes and interesting households in Washington. His wife is a bright and refined woman, but a little timid because she does not speak English. He is a scholarly man, and well informed concerning the affairs of the United States and politics of Europe, as well as topics connected with his own country. He talks English but little, but is improving rapidly by experience. They have three children, two sons and a daughter fourteen years old.

Mrs. Margaret W. Deland, author of John Ward, Preacher, one of the three religious novels which have attracted so much attention, is only about thirty years of age. She is said to be so devoid of the usual vanity of genius that her first poem got into print without her knowledge, and so conscientious that she re-wrote John Ward, six times before it passed into the printer's hands. Mrs. Deland lives on Mount Vernon street, Boston, where she has a happy home, and is fortunate in being aided in her work by the kindly criticism of her husband.

Ouida once naively remarked that "England has produced three great novelists—Thackeray, George Eliot, and myself!" This historic bit of egotism was recently surpassed by Mr. Edgar Fawcett, as he sat in his boudoir surrounded by smoke, Saltus, and some attendant satellites. The question under discussion was contemporary fiction. Mr. Fawcett gave it as his decided opinion that none of the works of modern novelists would live. Observing that this sweeping assertion was coldly received, he added: "I think, however, that I have written some books that fill the requirements of the future."

Kaiser William II. has celebrated the thirtieth year of his existence in this vale of tears, having been born on the 27th of January, 1859. But his health is far from satisfactory. The slightest change in the weather brings on the acute pain in his ear, which, it must be admitted, he bears with considerable fortitude, but which prevents him from sleeping, except through the aid of morphine. Unfortunately he is obliged to inject increasing doses of the drug, and the effect on his temperament throughout the day is plainly noticeable. During these periods of irritation nothing soothes him more than the performance of classical music.

Bertinatti, who was formerly Italian Minister at The Hague, used to tell a very funny story of once having supper with the Dutch King. Roasted onions, cold game, champagne and gin was the fare provided, and there was a regular tussle between the Sovereign and the diplomatist for the onions, both gentlemen being very fond of that strong-smelling esculent. The King devoured three while the snuffy old Italian was engaged in mumbling one. At length it came to the last onion, and Bertinatti, to claim it as his own, took out his box and covered it with snuff, murmuring: "Pardon, Sire,' and stretched out his very unclean paw to grasp the coveted treasure; but the King was too quick for him, and snatching up the onion he bolted it, snuff and all, grumbling, "*C'est tres bien! c'est tres bien!*"

Wilkie Collins has been in such poor health of late that he has spent nearly a year on his new novel, The Lord Harry, which various American syndicates are fighting to obtain for publication. It is said that the idea of Robert Louis Stevenson's Suicide Club originated with him. Years ago Mr. Collins wrote a short story. The plot was based on the idea of a man who gave weekly club dinners where all the guests were men looking for an expeditious way of leaving the world. In this dinner there was always served one poisoned dish. The host, having selected the victim for the night, would press various delicacies upon his guest, which were politely refused. The poisoned dish was not offered, and of this the would-be suicide would generally partake, with fatal results. Mr. Stevenson, in the Suicide Club, has the president deal out a pack of cards. One card is for the victim and one for the executioner. The similarity of these plots must be something more than a coincidence.

A Calcutta correspondent of an English journal gives her impressions of Lord and Lady Lansdowne at their first reception as follows: "The Viceroy scarcely noticed us at all, and Lady Lansdowne only vouchsafed a slight nod. Very unlike Lady Dufferin, I hear, who used always to make a very low courtesy to all the ladies as they passed. After the presentation was over, we walked about the ballroom where the mankind joined us. I hear all the presentations were got through in three-quarters of an hour, and some ladies, who were told by their friends not to go very early on account of the crush, found they were too late. There were some very pretty gowns, and a few with court trains; but on the whole, I was disappointed. I even saw some high-necked walking dresses. I certainly think feathers and veil ought to be compulsory. Perhaps Lady Lansdowne caught sight of a high dress at the beginning, which made her decide that a curtsey would be wasted on the recipient."

The following anecdote records a memorable interview between the ex-Empress Eugenie and Madame von Bismarck, then Countess Bismarck. The ex-Empress was accustomed to spend a certain portion of the year at Biarritz, where a toy palace had been erected for her at great expense, and one afternoon, just as she and her ladies were preparing for a great game of romps, of which she was childishly fond, and chairs were being brought out and arranged on the beach for the purpose, a lord-in-waiting brought into the presence three strange figures, very dowdily dressed, and presented them as Madame and Mesdemoiselles von Bismarck. They were dressed in black straw hats tied under the chin, very plain and odd-looking gowns, and exhibited most tremendous beetle-crushers in the way of footgear. The ex-Empress Eugenie was so tickled at the contrast between these scarecrow figures and her own brilliant ladies that she burst out into the French equivalent for "Good Heavens! what dreadful beetle-crushers," and the whole court roared with laughter. The Bismarcks did not move a muscle at this ridicule, but they stayed a very short time and communicated the insult to the man of blood and iron, who never forgot or forgave it, and no doubt the Emperor Napoleon III. had later to rue the consequences of his wife's ill-timed pleasantry.

It is worthy of note that some of the richest women in New York society to-day were poor girls when they married. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was Miss Gwynne, was quite without fortune. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt was Miss Alva Smith, and came of a Mobile family, good but impecunious. She had scarcely finished her school life when she met and married the second son of the great millionaire, thereby making a fortune for herself and greatly aiding her relatives, for Mr. Vanderbilt has been always generous to his wife's people, giving them a house to live in, and finally bestowing a *dot* upon his sister-in-law, to enable her to become Mme. de Fontenilliat. Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, who was a Miss Anthony, was far from being rich, but was in somewhat better circumstances than either Miss Gwynne or Miss Smith. Mrs. W. W. Astor was the lovely Miss Paul of Philadelphia. In spite of the many stories which were afloat at the time of her marriage of the persuasions used by her family and her ambitious mamma to induce her to become the wife of the young millionaire, her wedded life has proved very happy. Notwithstanding her enormous wealth and her great beauty, which made her so distinguished at the court of Italy, it has never been to her taste to make the social world and its ambitions and rivalries her chief aim, as it is with so many rich women. Her pleasures are in domestic life, and with her two handsome children. She, who might be a dashing leader in the gay throng, is unostentatious in every way, and in her dress is apparently so indifferent as to be declared absolutely wanting in taste.

At Cheyenne.

Young Lochinvar came in from the West
With fringe on his trousers and fire on his vest;
The width of his hat brim could nowhere be beat,
The number ten brogans were chock full of feet;
The girdle was horrent with pistols and things,
And he flourished a handful of aces on kings.

The fair Mariana sate watching a star,
When who should turn up but the young Lochinvar!
Her pulsebeat gave him a perceptible jump
And he rained up his hoss with a stentorian whoa,
Then turned on the maiden a rapturous grin
And modestly asked if he mightn't step in.

With presence of mind that was marvellous quite,
The fair Mariana replied that he might;
So in through the portal strode young Lochinvar,
Presempted the chair and cleaned out the bar;
Though the Justice allowed he wa'n't wholly to blame,
He taxed him ten dollars and costs, just the same.

'Varsity Chat.

The members of K company braved the elements on Tuesday night. The occasion was a sleigh drive to Lambton. The weather-stained veterans returned safely. I understand, nobody having even caught a cold.

An unwonted silence in the corridors indicates a relapse from the state of chronic hurry in which everybody seemed to be before the conversat. A football has about four echoes.

Most of the glittering throng have forgotten all about the great fizzle before this. Not so the finance committee. If they are silent in the corridors it is because they are deeply buried in thought as to how the deficit is to be made up. A deficit is a sad thing, but few of the brilliant company will stop to mourn over it or drop a tear for the committee's woes. All is vanity under the sun.

And then, though it grieves me to say it, the number of deadheads is appalling; nor is it diminished by the habit some of our distinguished friends have of giving away their complimentary tickets. Perhaps this is too democratic a way to talk about such things. Things like that you know must be at every event of society, and it is not always well to be too wise about the gods.

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Correspondents to the *Varsity* are advocating a change in the form of the Literary Society and the day may come when there will be no conversazione.

This reminds me that the constitution of the class society of '91 is out in the *Varsity* of last week. I had something to say before about this class and as I do not wish to be considered at war with it, I will not say anything very harsh, but it struck me as curious when I read that one of the objects of their society is to foster a spirit of loyalty to University College—not Toronto University. Was it an oversight!

NEMO.

The Canadian Literary Bureau, authors' and publishers' agents, reads manuscripts, revises and advises. Prospectus on application. Room 7, Romaine buildings, King street west.

The Popular Princess.

Not very long ago, the daughter of one of the laborers on the Sandringham estate died of consumption: and during her long and wearisome illness, she was cheered by the frequent visits of sympathy, and many acts of kindness, of a neighbor. That "neighbor," who seems truly to understand the word in the same sense as the good Samaritan of old, was the Princess of Wales, who came every few days to sit by the invalid's bed, cheering her with good words, and reading to her consoling passages from scripture. The bereaved mother speaks enthusiastically of this gentle visitor and her attentions, generally winding up her discourse, by saying, "And look at this nice warm shawl; the Princess gave it to me that I might have a bit of black to go to the funeral in, bless her!"

Imperial Federation---Its Meaning.

(Continued from Page Three.)

ness, if wariness be fussiness, then I am a very fussy politician. I hope, gentlemen, that you are fussy politicians too. On the other hand, I quite understand that absence of fussiness is a very noble quality, but the absence of fussiness, if it implies the absence of those other virtues, may have a very merit, but it does not preserve an Empire. If the Empire broke up owing to want of foresight, it might be some consolation to those non-fussy people to say: "Had we seen this a little earlier, we might have averted it." It would be no consolation to me. I suppose Mr. Pitt was called fussy when he said that a reform of Parliament was inevitable, and brought out a Reform Bill in his youth. I suppose Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were fussy when they said that Free Trade was coming, and that they would have a hand in bringing it about as soon as possible. (Cheers.) I suppose that Sir Robert Peel was fussy when he made Parliament accept Free Trade, and so enabled us to ride safely through the revolution of '48. (Cheers.) On the other hand, just think what we have to thank that want of fussiness for—how it has helped us, and what a sublime policy it has been! It is the want of this fussiness that has led us into many imprudent wars, that led us into campaigns without any provision for our soldiers. (Hears.) It was that want of fussiness that lost many thousands of lives in Walcheren and the Crimea. (Hear, hear.) It was want of fussiness that lost us the United States. It is a splendid quality, this want of fussiness; it is a chivalrous quality; it is a gentleman-like quality. But, for my part, I would rather be fussy with Bright, Cobden and Peel—ay, I would rather be fussy with the geese that saved the Capitol—(cheers)—than abide by those splendid doctrines of negation that lead so surely to disaster. (Cheers.) I am not, happily, the only fussy politician. That is a consolation to me while I incur the rebukes of those who are not fussy. I will only call your attention to two statesmen, neither of them living in Great Britain, who have shown the same singular fault of fussiness that is displayed by our organization. On the 7th of August, in the American Senate, Senator Sherman said—"I am anxious to bring about a public policy that will make more intimate our relations with the Dominion of Canada. Anything that will tend to the union of Canada with the United States will meet my most hearty support. I want Canada to be part of the United States. Within ten years from this time"—and I ask your particular attention to this—"within ten years from this time the Dominion of Canada will, in my judgment, be represented either in the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain or in the Congress of the United States." (Cheers.) On the 18th of October, Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales, made a speech to his constituents just before the opening of Parliament, and, proceeding to dwell upon the sincerity and wisdom of effective defence works, he referred to the question of Australian Federation. He said that it would be best to do the fullest justice to their resources, so as to be prepared to take the highest ground when the time was ripe for union. The Premier maintained that the Imperial constitution must forecast to be permanent, and concluded as follows: "In uniting the outlying Colonies to the Mother Country, England must present a subject for love and loyalty, and for the young passion for national authority in Australia, which would be more attractive than any elsewhere to be found within the wide circle of the family of nations." These are the voices of statesmen. They speak to us across the oceans. They calls to deep. Does it behove us to be deaf? I claim that these utterances are worthy of your attention. And I think that even in America I could ask for some adhesion to the cause of Imperial Federation. I believe that it would be of utility to the United States second only to the utility which it would be to our country. (Cheers.) In the first place, the United States is not prepared to absorb Canada, nor is Canada prepared to be absorbed by the United States. (Cheers.) In the next place, we should secure an enormous area throughout the world for peace and for commerce. In the next place, we should be a powerful friend to the United States, and not a mere collection of scattered relations. And, in the last place, it would forward the consolidation of the Anglo-Saxon race. (Cheers.) I turn from that, on which I have not time to enlarge this evening, for you have many interesting speakers to follow me. But I know that there is one question which is always asked immediately after the question—What do you mean by Imperial Federation? The second question that is always asked is this—What plan have you got for achieving Imperial Federation? I will tell you my plan without any reticence or any afterthought. My plan is this: To endeavor so to influence public opinion at home and in the Colonies that the time shall come an imperious demand from the people of this country, both at home and abroad, that this federation should be brought about. This is the first great initial step, without which our cause is hopeless, and with which our cause is certain to succeed. Now, I do not mean by that that I refuse to others the privilege of turning over in their own minds the best plan by which we may effect our object. There are many such plans. There is the plan of delegation which prevails in Austria-Hungary, and which practically means a sort of Imperial Council. There is, again, the constitution of some form of Imperial Senate; and again, there is the reviving and the quickening of the Privy Council for purposes such as these. And there is another plan to which I must allude, because it has been fathered on myself. (A laugh.) I have been charged with thinking that Imperial Federation means that a few colonial peers should be sent to sit in the House of Lords. Now, gentlemen, I do not think anything of the sort. (Cheers.) It is quite true that in bringing the question of the reform of the House of Lords before that Chamber, I did say that if any Colony thought it worth while to send an agent or an agent-general to sit in the House of Lords, and to make their opinions heard in Parliament in that way, we ought to be ready and glad to receive him. But that was only an instalment—that was only a little Imperial leaven infused into our Parliamentary system. It was to be better than nothing at all, and it is nothing at all that we have at present. (Applause.) No, gentlemen, in my judgment it is not for the Imperial Federation League to propose schemes of Imperial reconstitution. I will tell you why. What would be our position if we suggested a detailed scheme? What would the Parliaments and the Governments of the self-governing colonies say when this scheme was laid before them? They would say, "Who are the Imperial Federation League—what business have they to come forward as an irresponsible society—and dictate to the various Legislatures of the Empire what they are to do on a particular occasion?" The Colonies would say, "We have our Parliaments—we have our Ministers. What are they for, if not to do this thing, if it is desired? And if the thing is desirable it is the duty of those Parliaments and those Ministers, in connection with the Parliament and Ministry of Great Britain to do it. (Cheers.) That is not for the League. My belief is that when the public demand becomes loud and clear, then we shall have from the Parliaments and the Ministers of the Empire a clear and definite scheme which it will not be difficult for them to propound. (Cheers.) I think it is worth our while to ask the Colonists, to ask those Colonial statesmen, to ask those Colonial Parliaments, what are the terms on which they are prepared to federate, and if they desire to federate at all. (Cheers.) When we have that announced, when we have that declaration, it will be time for us to consider the best manner in which to effect it: but till then, it will be both premature and wrong in us to make any suggestion. I further think that our duty is a simple one, a difficult one, but an absolutely clear one—it is to rouse public opinion on this subject. (Hear, hear.) When we obtain from the people of the Empire this de mand, that they think that this thing ought to be done, when they make that declaration, when they signify their pleasure to that extent, then will be our time to retire into the background, and then will be the time for the statesmen to begin. (Cheers.) For my part, if I can contribute to this question be conducted in a spirit of sincerity and seriousness, I have no fear of the result. If the people can once be made to realise the splendor and utility of the Empire; if they can once appreciate the sacredness of the responsibility which that vast inheritance lays upon them, and the nature of the research to which they will be liable from their children and their children's children if it suffer detriment in their hands; if they once come to understand that Imperial Federation means for them trade, and space, and peace; if they once comprehend that the time before them is not long, and that the interval which separates union from dissolution of empire may be very narrow, I believe that they, with a giant's voice, will order that this thing be done. (Cheers.) And, gentlemen, we ask for your co-operation. You can aid us in many ways. You can aid us by your talent; you can aid us by your influence; you can aid us by moulding public opinion wherever you are in contact with it. Remember that if you do that efficiently you do us an inestimable service, and you do yourselves a service which I think is worth reckoning. You raise yourselves up an ideal which is ennobling in itself, and a faith which will rise above the cries of party and struggles of faction. If you and we succeed in our object, and if we can make the voice of Scotland heard in this matter with unmistakable sound, you do much to advance the completion of our scheme. For the voice of Scotland is heard not merely within our own limits. It is not heard only by England, or by Wales, or by Ireland. It sounds with a trumpet note through all those Colonial commonwealths in which her scattered sons have borne so conspicuous and so supreme a part. (Loud cheers.) I beg to move the following resolution:—

"That in order to secure the unity and defence of the Empire, some system of Imperial co-operation and federation is imperatively required." (Cheers.)

The Arizona Mustang.

On the invitation of a friend I went to Arizona to get an idea of ranch life and to regain my health.

At last I reached my station and alighted at a future metropolis consisting of one hotel, four bar-rooms, and half a dozen dwelling houses. My destination, the ranch, was, I discovered, fifteen miles out of town, just a step a tall, bony-looking man with one eye assured me. I have often wondered since what kind of a gait that man had at his command.

A horse was evidently necessary, so my newfound acquaintance undertook to aid me in acquiring one.

We marched up to the hotel and I announced in a haughty and commanding tone that I desired to obtain possession of a first-rate animal. The group of cowboys, miners and prospectors stopped discussing the relative merits of Wild Bob and Arizona Jake at draw and turned towards me. I felt that my impressive dignity was leaving me, but boldly restated my errand.

A wicked looking man in a red shirt and picturesque whiskers of sanguinary hue confidently assured me that he had the very thing that I was looking after. No one contradicted him and I didn't feel like doing so either. He didn't look like a safe man to contradict. His animal was soon brought up to the door, and he said that as I was a stranger I might have him for $50.

It was a demure, sleepy-looking mustang, with a hide that looked as if it might once have been used for parchment by the ancient Egyptians, and it hadn't kept well either. I mustered up courage enough to say that I feared it wasn't just the animal to suit me, as I wanted something that could scour the prairies. But the red-whiskered man winked wickedly at the crowd, and said as how he allowed he weren't lacking. I was cowed, and submissively paid my money and prepared to mount. Intending to impress the crowd with my horsemanship, I laid my hand on the pommel and sprang into the saddle. I haven't forgotten that spring yet. It wasn't an unqualified success. As I sprang a change came over the spirit of that beast. His sleepiness was gone, and so was I. I have never jumped so high before nor since, and I don't want to. As I was revolving in the air I began to lose faith in human nature, and when I at length struck the ground and looked to see if the horse had blown himself up with dynamite and found that he was still standing demurely, I began to lose faith in the horse. I picked myself up slowly and made sure that I was all there. Some one said I had been bucked. The same idea had occurred to me. If I had consulted my own feelings I would have walked and led the beast, but that would have brought ridicule from the crowd and I had amused them enough already, so I tried again. This time I was more cautious. I grasped the pommel firmly and landed all right, but alas! I soon had reason to regret my rightness. The beast's hind legs arose with the regularity of clock-work and the force of a trip-hammer. At every rise I flew into the air and descended with a grievously painful thud, but I had a tight hold around his neck and held on like a crab on to a boy's toe.

Then he changed his mind and started for the hotel. There was a wild scurrying as we flashed in at the door, leaped the bar amid a smashing of bottles and went through a window, carrying the sash with us. One fat man who had been holding his sides for laughter was unable to roll out of the way quickly enough, and I felt a sort of sage joy as I looked down on his scared face when the horse jumped over him. But I didn't have time to ask him how he liked it, for my revitalized relic of the dark ages was off across the prairie at a frightful rate. My legs flew out straight behind me, and the pommel dug its way further into my stomach at every leap. My Plymouth Rocks soon shed their buttons, and I feared that I would lose them.

For some time I had been vaguely wondering why the horse wanted to go so fast, but I saw the reason when he reached a grove of trees and brushwood. With a subtle vindictiveness peculiar to the Arizona mustang he had comprehended that I would not enjoy a trip through that particular spot. And he was right. I have not felt anything like it since I was switched at school, and that was a pleasant recollection in comparison. But worse was to come, for just as my Mephistophelean beast gave an unusually vicious jump into the grove my infernal legs to mount almost perpendicularly into the air, a big cactus took hold of my nether garments and, in spite of my hurried expostulations, retained them. I could not bear to leave them, and was on the point of sliding off and taking the consequences, when an overhanging branch saved me the trouble by hooking itself into my coat collar, and in an instant I was dangling in the air.

When that wretched mustang felt that I had left him he stopped and looked back with a sort of girl-I-left-behind-me expression in his sinister eyes and then loped slowly back to the settlement, while I would have given what clothes I had left to have had him strung up by his wretched stump of a tail to a tree beside me.

My situation began to be uncomfortable. The branch was sticking into my back, and I felt that spinal curvature was commencing. Time too, several bumble bees, which happened along, seemed disposed to investigate me too closely. I kicked frantically and they left, singing, In the Sweet Bye-and-bye. I didn't encore. A turkey buzzard was sailing over my head, glaring at me with a frightfully cannibalistic look, and between the yells which I periodically gave forth I wondered how long my clothes would hold me up and what the verdict of the coroner's jury would be if I was ever found.

I believe that I would have been hanging there yet had not a native Arizonian, who was hunting in that vicinity, heard my cries and thinking that a fight was in progress joyfully hastened towards me. When he saw what it was he was so amused at my fix that I with difficulty persuaded him to assist me to mother earth again. He finally consented, but insisted that the easiest way to get me down was to cut off by successive rifle shots the branch that held me. This he proceeded to do in spite of my protestations, roaring with laughter the while at my frantic endeavors to get as far as possible from the bullets. When at last branch and I fell to the ground together, I picked myself up and without stopping to express my gratitude, rescued my pants from the embrace of the cactus and struck off in the direction of my ranch.

The Arizonian yelled after me, "Ef I'd knowed yer hadn't no more perliteness I'd hev let yer swing," but I heeded him not.

I have been in Arizona for some time now, but I am still of the opinion that the best and safest way to ride the real Arizona mustang is to walk and lead him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Don't Try It.

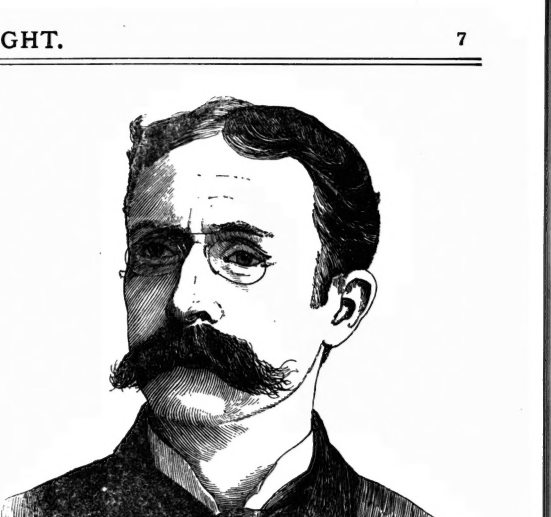
"Would we advise you to marry a man whom you really and truly love very dearly to reform him?" Ethel asks. Well, yes, if you love him so dearly, Ethel, we would. But we would advise you to kill him first. You won't have half the trouble reforming him afterward, and he'll make a much better husband. A fellow who won't reform for his sweetheart, Ethel, isn't likely to do so for his wife; you can bet your engagement ring against your dower on that.

A Parental Admonition.

Stern parent—Johnnie, I am informed that you use a great deal of slang. Is it true?

Yes, sir.

And I have cautioned you against the vulgar habit scores of times. I once more warn you that if you persist in using slang I'll take the strap from the wall and you'll find yourself in the soup.



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WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE LOST NECKLACE DISCOVERED.

Helena, as she left the drawing room, staggered—almost fell against one of the pillars of the verandah. She threw her arms around it and leaned her cheek against its cold surface, a low moan of pain escaping her at the same time.

The next moment a heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a subdued voice uttered, close to her ear:

"Miss Stewart, the week's respite will be up to-morrow. I shall expect that Mrs. Stewart's diamonds will be in her possession by that time, and that the reward of a hundred pounds will be forwarded to my address."

Helena stood absolutely motionless for an instant, then she turned like an insulted queen and faced the intruder who had thus stolen upon her unawares.

"Remove your hand from my shoulder," she commanded, in a tone which he dared not disobey, and the man's arm dropped by his side, but his eyes were fixed upon her face in a cold, glitte ring stare.

"Aren't you pretty high-headed, my young lady, for a criminal?" he asked, in a significant tone.

"How dare you!" Helena demanded haughtily.

"A man in my profession has to dare considerable sometimes, to accomplish his purpose," the detective responded, composedly, "and a reward of a hundred pounds doesn't drop into a man's pocket every day in the year. I believe your family leave Brighton in a few days, Miss Stewart. I have been put to my wits' end on this case, but, since I have at last found the thief, I intend to have my pay."

"You were to receive your reward when you produced the necklace, if I am not mistaken," Helena retorted defiantly.

The man gave a little satisfied laugh at this.

"That I can do in five minutes, if necessary," was the assured reply.

"Talk is cheap," she returned, with a scornful toss of her head.

The detective drew a step or two nearer her; he lifted his arm and laid one finger upon her neck, just below the band of illigree silver around her throat, pressing slightly upon the spot.

"Yes, talk is cheap, and sometimes actions speak louder than words," he coolly remarked, with another pressure of his finger.

Helena shrank away from him with a low, shuddering cry, then, turning like a flash of light she sped into the house and up a flight of side stairs, and shut herself into a small dressing-room, leading from the bath-room, where, her strength suddenly forsaking her, she sank panting and fainting to the floor.

Three minutes later Hazel opened the door and saw that white figure lying motionless and white upon the carpet, and looking like a beautiful piece of sculptured marble.

With a low exclamation of fear she bent over her, placing her hand over her heart.

It was beating sluggishly.

"She has only fainted," she said, somewhat reassured. "I will go from here without calling any one or making any stir."

She laid the girl in a more comfortable position, and flat upon the floor; then removing the silver band from her throat, she unclasped her dress and laid bare the beautiful neck.

Suddenly a smothered shriek burst from her, and she sank back, trembling violently, and almost as white as the insensible girl herself; for there, before her astonished eyes, almost dazzling her with its brilliancy, and of scintillating light, gleamed the stolen necklace.

For a moment Hazel herself was upon the verge of fainting, she was so horrified and overcome by this awful discovery, and understood all its meaning.

She had long known that Helena disliked and even feared her, but never learned the secret of her life, but she had never dreamed that she would carry her enmity to such a fearful extent as this, it had never occurred to her that she had become a thief for the purpose of implicating her, and causing her to be disgraced and removed from her path.

But now it burst upon her how it had all been accomplished. Helena, actuated by curiosity, must have opened her trunk and seen her necklace lying within it, that evening when she returned for Belle's wrap. Doubtless she had then conceived the miserable plot to ruin her character, by concealing her mother's diamonds, and thus, by causing a search for them, make Hazel appear to be the criminal.

Of course no one would think of searching Miss Stewart's person for her own mother's jewelry, and she had probably worn it around her neck ever since the night of its disappearance, and that was the secret of her continually wearing high-neck gowns.

"What shall I do?" Hazel murmured, in great distress. "Mrs. Stewart ought to have her necklace; but how can I ever betray this erring girl to her?"

She shivered with horror and the tears rained down her cheeks as she bent over Helena's prostrate form, bathing her face and trying to restore her to consciousness.

Presently Helena opened her eyes.

"Let him do his worst! I'll outwit him yet!" she muttered, as her hands involuntarily wandered to her neck.

Her fingers came in contact with the bare, gleaming diamonds and instantly she sprang up, looking wild and frightened, to find Hazel sitting beside her, regarding her with a sad and pitying expression.

"You here!" she cried, shivering and drawing her dress up over the necklace with a quick, convulsive movement.

"Yes," Hazel replied, "I found you lying here upon the floor unconscious, and I have been trying to restore you."

"Did you unfasten my dress?" Helena demanded, fiercely, her eyes blazing with an almost insane fire.

"Yes; Percy has told me always to loosen the clothing about the neck when any one faints."

The sound of that name seemed to arouse Helena almost to a frenzy.

"Percy!" she repeated, hoarsely; "how you like to flaunt it in my face! But of course you saw——"

She did not complete the sentence, but drew her dress still closer about her white neck with a spasmodic grasp.

"Yes, I saw the necklace," Hazel responded, with a heavy sigh; "and, oh! Miss Stewart, I cannot tell you how sorry I am that you should have allowed your dislike for me to lead you into such sin and trouble."

"How do you know that I dislike you?" demanded Helena, her glittering eyes never leaving Hazel's face.

"Your manner has plainly betrayed it to me from the first, and I cannot understand it, for I am sure I have entertained only the kindest of feelings toward yourself."

"You cannot understand it," sneered Helena. "You have not used every art at your command to win the attention of my friends for yourself, I suppose! You haven't played the part of a most arrant coquette to turn the head of every gentleman who came into the house?"

"Indeed, no!" cried Hazel, greatly shocked at this monstrous charge, "I have never thought of trying to attract attention to myself. I have never thought of doing you a wrong in any way."

"Are you willing to prove that to me?" He'ena asked, bending her now feverish face close to Hazel's and speaking with suppressed excitement.

"If I can, certainly."

"You have done your best to win Dr. Morton from me. Give him up and I will believe you," Helena said, with a cruel smile.

Hazel colored scarlet.

She did not suppose that Helena knew anything, as yet, of her engagement to Percy, but she thought she might as well settle this question with her for all time.

"I cannot do that," she said, gravely, though with downcast eyes, "because I have promised to marry him."

Helena gave vent to a hoarse, miserable laugh that went to Hazel's heart in spite of its vindictiveness.

"Oh, Miss Stewart," she pleaded, "do not let us sit here in contention. You look ill, wretched; isn't there something else that I can do for you?"

"No; only to take your face out of my sight forever."

"Oh!" she moaned, as if in mortal pain, as she struggled to her feet, "why are people born to be so wretched? What is this life worth when every hope is wrecked?"

Tears sprang to Hattie's eyes, her tone was so hopeless, her face so full of misery.

"It is worth an eternity in heaven if we will only make it so," she said, gently; then she added with deep feeling, "Oh, Miss Stewart, let me entreat that you will confide everything to your mother; she will help you to set right all past mistakes—she will forgive you this last great wrong. You can never know another happy moment until you do right toward Mr. Osborn, nor until you restore those diamonds and tell Mrs. Stewart how you came by them."

"And give you another chance to crow over me!" retorted Helena, rudely, even savagely.

"No; you misjudge me," Hazel replied, sadly, "I do not even desire that she should learn that I know anything about them. Settle the matter entirely between yourselves. I am only anxious to have the necklace restored, and Mrs. Stewart's mind at rest about it."

"If I refuse to do as you advise, what then?" Helena asked, regarding Hazel searchingly.

"Then I am afraid it will become my duty to tell her where I have seen it to night," Hazel replied, regretfully, but firmly.

"What a conscientious little saint!" sneered Helena, with white lips.

She stood motionless and silent for several moments, her proud head bent in profound thought, and Hazel could not help wondering how any one who looked so beautiful and pure could be so bad at heart. At length she suddenly looked up, and resumed, in an entirely different tone:

"Very well; my mother shall have her necklace within twenty-four hours, and she shall know, too, who stole it from her. For your further benefit, I will say that I took it from the case almost before her eyes—while she was hanging her dress in the closet, after her return from the duchess' reception. She had locked it away in the case, so I knew she would not look at it again that night. I knew yours was just like it, and that circumstantial evidence would point you out as the thief when your trunk was searched. I had determined that you should leave Crescent Villa; and since mamma would not send you away I had to use dishonorable measures to accomplish my end. Fate was against me and you have come out ahead, and now I yield to your resistless persuasions, and consent to own myself the criminal. Before this, Chester Osborn shall claim me when he will. You perceive how very tame and yield-ing I have become, Miss Graham," Helena interposed, a bitter smile curling her beautiful lips. "Mr. Osborn shall assert his rights; he shall have the privilege of claiming me, if he still wishes to, and I will be tame as he wills—I will be as clay in his hands."

As she ceased speaking, she bestowed one cunning, sinister look upon the young girl, then turned abruptly and left the room, before Hazel could reply.

Hazel went to her own chamber, she rearranged her toilet, and fifteen minutes later she was mingling once more with the merry company below, the gayest of them all. No one ever conceived having seen a more beautiful or charming than she was during the few remaining hours of the occasion.

It was very late before the last of the guests left Crescent Villa—indeed, it was far into the small hours of the morning, and the late, full moon was riding high in the heavens, making the night almost as bright as day.

Hazel and Marie, accompanied by Percy and Lord Nelson, were the last to leave the house.

They had lingered behind all others for a final good-by, as they were going to London the next morning with Mr. and Mrs. Earlescourt, and the family have finished them out upon the veranda, they all stood in a group together.

Helena was apparently still in her most brilliant mood, and looked a very, very, some-beautiful novice, in her dead-white garments, with the moonlight flooding her with a mistlike light. Mrs. Stewart was more beautiful for everything had passed off delightfully, and she was in an exceedingly complacent frame of mind. Belle, with an arm thrown round Hazel and Marie, was very happy; but regretful over even the short separation which was about to take place.

They all remarked what a perfect night it was.

"The world seems flooded with a radiance such as I have seldom seen," Doctor Morton observed, as he noted the soft, bright sheen which pervaded everything, trembling in spots of silver amid the glossy foliage all about them, making every dew-drop upon a blade of grass gleam with diamond lights, and the ocean seem like a shimmering sea of glass.

"There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light," quoted Hazel, in a low, musical voice, "I always think of that verse when the moon shines like this," she said.

No one spoke for a moment after that, for the words seemed like a reverent benediction upon the night; but Percy, who was standing beside Helena, saw a shiver agitate her form from head to foot, while she caught her breath sharply.

But a moment after she turned to him, her face radiant with smiles, though there was not an atom of color in it.

"You have enjoyed the evening, I hope, Dr. Morton?" she said.

"Indeed I have," he replied, heartily, and his eyes wandered to Hazel, plainly indicating that she had been the chief source of his enjoyment.

"I will doubtless be a memorable one to you; you will mark it in your calendar as a red letter day," Helena pursued, with a light, significant laugh, which somehow sent a quiver of pain along his nerves.

Then she extended her hand to him.

"I suppose we shall not meet here again," she continued, without waiting for him to reply, but with her eyes fastened hungrily upon his face, and he wondered what made her hand so icy cold, and why she clung to him so lingeringly for a moment.

"Probably not," he answered; but I shall see you later in London, where I expect to find you the belle of the coming season."

He turned away from her to shake hands with Mrs. Stewart, but not before he had noticed another shiver run through her; then they all said good-night, and the four young people went out into the moonlight, where they soon disappeared among the trees, leaving Mrs. Stewart and her two daughters standing alone upon the veranda.

Not one of them ever forgot that scene; it remained indelibly stamped upon their minds, each word and act carrying with it a terrible significance.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"AT LAST I MAY CONFESS IT!"

"Mamma," said Helena, turning suddenly to Mrs. Stewart as the voices of their departing guests died away in the distance, "it is too lovely to go in; let us have a quiet stroll down to the boat landing."

"But it is very late; we ought to go directly to bed," objected Mrs. Stewart.

"Please, mamma—just for one last glimpse of the sea," Helena persisted.

"Very well, I will go with you," her mother returned, yielding reluctantly; "but Belle must not go. Child, run upstairs and go to your rest at once."

Belle had no inclination to accompany them, and went obediently to her room, while her mother and sister descended the veranda steps.

They strolled slowly down toward the water, those two so beautiful, stately women, one in the first flush of life, the other in its rich maturity.

Helena chatted pleasantly about the evening and the success of their reception, of their anticipated return to London and their plans for the coming winter. She had not seemed so cheerful and agreeable for some time, and Mrs. Stewart flattered herself that the experiences of the delightful evening had effectually dissipated the gloom which had hung over her of late.

When they reached the water they walked out upon the pier, Helena going to the very end of it.

"How beautiful the water is to-night!" Helena observed, looking down upon its glassy surface. "I can see every object reflected almost as plainly as in broad daylight. How clear the sky is, too—almost like another sheet of silver."

She stood looking up into its depths for a moment; then she asked:

"Do you suppose heaven is really beyond the sky? Or where is it?"

"Why, Helena, what has set you to talking about that?" exclaimed Mrs. Stewart, in surprise. "It must have been Hazel quoting Scripture," she added. "I have never no idea where heaven is; it has always seemed a very vague place to me."

"But you believe there is such a place, don't you?"

"Of course; I suppose everybody believes that," Mrs. Stewart assented briefly, but not relishing the subject over much.

"And you expect to go there some time?"

"I—hope to," was the not too confident reply, while the elderly lady glanced nervously at her daughter.

"Then it ought not to seem vague, unreal to you; one ought to have some definite idea of a place one expects to spend eternity in. Why haven't you taught us more about such things, mamma?

"Why, Helena, we have almost always attended service on Sunday, and I sent you and Belle to Sabbath school when you were little and gave you both Bibles to read. The Bible tells us all there is to be learned about heaven.'

"I wish you had studied the Bible more with us; it is very blind and hard to be understood unless it is explained. "Do you ever feel afraid to die, mamma?"

"Mercy! Helena, what has come over you so suddenly?" cried Mrs. Stewart, shivering, and regarding her with startled eyes.

"I suppose good people need not be afraid," the girl went on, absently; "but what becomes of those who are not good? Do you suppose there is really another place for them, where they always have to be miserable? I wish I knew, mamma, you ought to have made us study more about these things. It is not right to let young people grow up and not know anything about what the future may be. It is so long to do right and be good once; but, somehow, we've lived in such a hurry and whirl of late, that I haven't had time to think about it, and so the evil in me has grown as the weeds grow. But I have heard somebody say that people never remember the evil in those we die; they forget it, and speak only good of them."

"Helena, you shall not talk so! Come back home and go to bed, and get over these morbid feelings," said Mrs. Stewart, really alarmed at the frame of mind her daughter was in, and feeling painfully conscious that she was lacking in not directing the minds of her children more toward a preparation for the future.

"Presently," Helena replied. "How very bright the moon is!" she added, turning her back upon the water and looking up at that glowing disk. "I believe, though, there is a circle around it, and we shall have a storm soon. Isn't that a star near the rim?" she continued, stepping back as if for a better look and pointing toward it. "Yes, and there is another; that is a sign that it will rain in two days—a star for a day. I wonder if—— Oh, how beautiful the world is, after all!" with a regretful, shuddering sigh and another backward step.

"Take care, Helena! Oh——"

The frightened, warning cry rang out too late and could not drown a piercing shriek of agony, as the girl made one step too far and fell backward, without a sound or cry, into the shimmering waters, which opened to receive the white-robed figure and then quickly closed over it, as if eager to devour its beautiful prey.

Mrs. Stewart was like one frantic.

Shriek after shriek rang out upon the air as she rushed to the spot where her daughter had sunk; but the water was very deep just there at the end of the pier, and she could see no trace of her. But for a few bubbles and circles, spreading out and ever widening, it was as still and beautiful as before it had swallowed her from her sight.

The servants were all busy in the basement at the house, and the clatter of dishes, mingled with the clatter of their voices, drowned the woman's cries, and it seemed as if no one would ever come to her aid. Belle had fallen asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow, and she was therefore mercifully spared the terrible tragedy that was being enacted so near her.

But help was near notwithstanding, for, at the sound of that first shriek, the tall form of a man darted out from the shadow of the trees, upon the farther side of the grounds, and flew with lightning speed toward the boat landing, where Mrs. Stewart was now kneeling, gazing down into the dark, cruel waters, waving and wringing her hands in almost frenzied agony.

She heard the sound of his flying steps at first, and turned eagerly, to find Chester Osborn, panting and white as a ghost himself, almost at her side.

"Oh, save her! save her!" she sobbed, hysterically.

"Where?" he demanded, sternly, in a quavering tone.

"Helena! She made a misstep and fell just here."

"Oh, Heaven!" he breathed between his shut teeth, as he flung off his coat and dashed off his shoes.

At the same moment he saw something white flash upward into the light, at some distance from the pier, for a moment, then slowly fade from sight again.

The next instant he had sprung into the sea and was swimming toward it, but when he reached the spot where he had seen it he could find nothing.

"Oh, Heaven!" he cried again, "let me save her!" and as the agonized petition arose, a marble-white face and hand appeared beyond his reach.

He darted forward, and in another minute had gathered that senseless form in his arms, and than slowly made his way back toward the pier.

It was no easy task, but his burden was at last deposited upon the landing, and then he leaped from the water, seeking for some signs of life in the limp body.

"Oh! is she dead?" cried Mrs. Stewart, in an agonized tone, as she sank down beside the beautiful, inanimate form, and gazed upon those waxen features.

There was no heart-throb; there was no pulse, and their hearts were filled with despair.

As she lay there in her white garments, with her face upturned to the sky, her yellow hair floating like a net-work of gold around her, and bathed in the soft radiance of the moonlight, Chester Osborn thought her the most beautiful object his eyes had ever rested upon, even though her rigid loveliness drove him nearly to the depths of despair.

Mrs. Stewart was naturally a woman of nerve and self-possession, and after the first burst of fear and horror was past, she braced herself for work.

She wrenched off the filigree band around Helena's neck and cast it from her, unmindful of the costly stones that gleamed from every white point. She tore open her dripping dress, but started back with a frightened cry, as a thousand other lights flashed up at her from the white, beautiful neck beneath.

She recognized it in an instant—her own missing necklace! and she understood at once all the sad story of wrong and guilt in which her idolized daughter had been the chief actor.

In a moment she had it off, and had thrust it within her own bosom.

"Never speak of this to any human being!" she said, in a hard, stern voice, to her companion.

"No, no!" he breathed. "I am as anxious as you can be to shield her from every breath of reproach—my beautiful darling!"

Mrs. Stewart shot a quick, earnest glance at him, and then turned again to the task before her.

"We must work—work!" she cried. "Can you carry her to the house?"

"I must, if she is to be saved," he answered, resolutely.

And lifting Helena's lifeless form, he strode over the ground toward the house, and never stopped until he had laid her upon the veranda.

A servant was at once dispatched for Doctor Morton; then blankets were brought, hot water was applied, and everything done that could be thought of until Percy should arrive.

But no trace of life was visible when he reached Crescent Villa, and he knew at once that there was no hope. The beautiful girl was past all earthly aid and skill.

"She is gone," he said, when he had made a careful examination to satisfy the agonized mother. "She must have died almost instantly, for life has been extinct for some time."

"Take her up stairs to her own room," commanded Mrs. Stewart, pale and calm now, but with the calmness of despair, and she turned to lead the way.

Many hands were stretched forth ready to do her bidding, but Chester Osborn strode forward, his face set as in a marble mold.

"Stand back!" he ordered, in a stern, authoritative voice, and every one fell away, regarding him with wondering eyes.

Again he lifted that lifeless form, and bore it unaided up stairs to the pretty chamber, from which she had come forth so radiant only a few hours previous, and laid her upon her bed, as Mrs. Stewart directed.

He placed her in an easy, natural attitude, straightened the graceful form, folded the white, jeweled hands over the pulseless breast, and smoothed the tangled hair back from the blue-veined brow.

Then he staggered to the door, locked it, and, going back to the bedside, hung swaying over the dead girl, despair written on every feature of his white face.

"Mr. Osborn," said Mrs. Stewart, regarding him with unfeigned astonishment, in spite of her own grief, "are you not forgetting yourself? We must have no locked doors here now, you know."

He turned upon her almost fiercely.

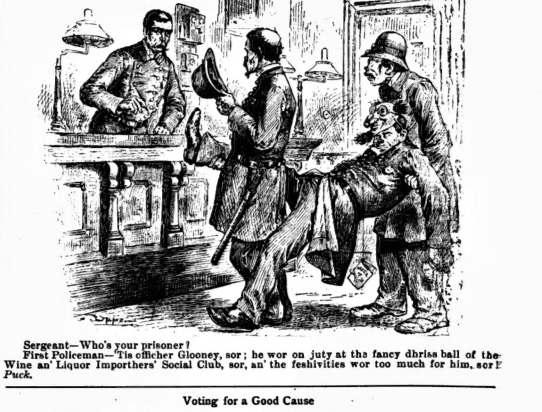
"I forget everything, at this moment, but that I loved her—everything but that she belongs to me, and I will have her this one hour to myself!" he said, in a voice which she never would have recognized as belonging to him.

"Belongs to you! I do not understand you!" the stricken mother returned, unable to grasp his meaning.

"Yes, to me alone, in the face of the whole world—at last I may confess it—Helena Stewart was my legally wedded wife!"

(To be Continued.)

A Plain, Unvarnished Tale.



Sergeant—Who's your prisoner?
First Policeman—'Tis officher Glooney, sor; he wor on juty at the fancy dhriss ball of the Wine an' Liquor Importhers' Social Club, sor, an' the feshivities wor too much for him, sor!
Puck.

Voting for a Good Cause

Equestrian—Mah frien', dey's habbin' a puddy hot time at de polls up in Slabtown.
Pedestrian—Am dat so? What is dey votin' fob this time in de yeah?
Equestrian—Wall, when I left dey was wotin' fob two collahs apiece, but I heerd dat some ob de boys did got as high as two and six bits.—*Judge*

What Novelists Drink.

Mr. R. E. Francillion confesses that he is a very moderate wine-drinker. He never touches spirits, which he abhors. Mr. George A. Henty, one of the best living writers for boys, drinks claret and water for dinner, but never touches stimulants of any kind except at meals. He believes in moderate use of wine and beer advantageous, but he considers the use of spirits, except when medically required, as wholly deleterious. He would tax spirits ten times higher than the present rates.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes prefers to work unstimulated by anything stronger than tea or coffee. He does not habitually use any drink stronger than water. Mr. W. D. Howells, who began life as a printer's boy, and is now one of the best novelists, takes wine occasionally, but thinks that it weakens his work.

Mr. D. Christie Murray has found alcoholic drinks useful at a pinch, but he considers it pretty certain that they take more energy out of a mental worker than they put in.

Mark Twain finds that about two glasses of champagne are an admirable stimulant to the tongue, and perhaps the happiest inspiration for an after dinner speech that can be found. His experience is that wine is a clog to the pen, not an inspiration, and he could never write anything to his satisfaction after drinking even one glass of wine.

Ivan Tourgenieff, the eminent Russian novelist, neither smokes nor uses alcoholic drinks. His observations on other people show that alcohol, taken in very small quantities, can produce a good effect in some cases of constitutional debility.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, whose play, Joseph's Sweetheart, has had such a remarkable run at the Vaudeville Theater, confesses himself a believer in temperance. He drinks himself, but not during the hours of work, and he expresses the opinion that "the cases of dire disease generated by total abstinence from liquor are even more terrible than those caused by excess."

Mr. Thomas Hardy, with rare exceptions, has taken no alcoholic liquors for many years. When rambling on the Continent, he occasionally drinks a glass or two of claret or mild ale. Alcohol he never found helpful to novel writing in any degree, and he thinks that wine blunts a writer's perception as to the quality of his work.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims says that tea is his favorite tonic when he is tired or languid, and he finds that it has always a stimulating effect. To the same tune sings Mr. Justin McCarthy, who is not only a brilliant novelist but a brilliant historian. "I have," he says, "always been a liberal drinker of tea. I have found it of immense benefit in keeping off headache, my only malady. Probably tea drinking, even if not immoderate, does some hurt to the nerves, but it is not so in my case. Few men have worked harder and suffered less from ill health than I have."

Mr. James Payn confesses that he drinks a little alcohol, but only very little, and that in a light form, for his only stimulating beverages are claret and (very occasionally) dry champagne. He has never attempted to analyze the effect of alcohol drinking upon composition.

Professor J. S. Blackie says that while he is working he never uses any alcoholic stimulant, nor stimulant of any other kind. He drinks a glass of wine during dinner to tempt the appetite. The opinion of this author is that, instead of stimulants, literary men should seek for aid in a pleasant variety of occupation, in temperance of perfect rest, in fresh air and exercise, and the cultivation of systematic moderation in all emotions and passions.

Wilkie Collins holds exactly opposite opinions to these. His opinion is that a man who lives by the work of his brain lives under artificial conditions, and is therefore in need of artificial help. In his case this help takes the form of champagne, and he says that so far as his experience goes there is no tonic for the exhausted nervous system so effectual and so harmless.

It Would Not Work.

She—I can only be a sister to you, Henry.

He (with repressed emotion)—How old are you?

She (curiously)—Twenty, last October.

He—Well, you can't be a sister to me. I've got a sister at home who was twenty last August, and you see that sort of relationship won't do. Try something else.

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

When Killick was left alone in his room after receiving Cora Burnham's notice of departure, he sat shaking his fist in useless fury at the door and muttering curses which had she heard them would have frightened the fair object of his wrath.

"Yes, curse her and him; a few soft words have won her back to be Tully's fool. Why did she pretend attachment for me? Did I tell her anything? he thought to himself in quick alarm—"nothing but that Moore business. I wonder if those papers are all right."

Hurriedly trying to unlock the vault door which led into the room he was surprised to find it already unfastened (Ralph Moore had slipped the bolt from the inside). He hurriedly examined the lock which was uninjured, and then ran to the safe in which his precious papers were stored. He tried the door. "Ah," he muttered to himself, "this is locked at any rate. I wasn't quite crazy last night though. I must have been very near it to have left that outer door open." He knelt, still trembling, and tried the combination, but the ponderous door did not answer to his touch.

Again he tried it, with even greater exactness, still the door refused to move.

"Great—Great God, what is the matter with the door?" he gasped.

Perspiration stood in great beads on his face. "I can't be wrong about that combination! I would not be likely to forget it after using it a hundred times."

Still again he tried it, and the failure made him attempt other arrangements of the numbers, his trembling brain eager to believe that in a moment of excitement he had started in wrong. Still there was no yielding of the door. Then he hunted in his cabinet where he had hidden the hastily scrawled memorandum of the combination in a cipher which was as familiar to him as his A B C's. He seated himself on the floor before the safe, mopping away the perspiration which was now trickling in streams over his purplish and wanty face. Carefully beginning with the three times around to thirty, he followed the written directions and turned the knob forward and back and pulled. No use.

His hand dropped on the carpet beside him. He felt dizzy, unbuttoned his collar and staggering to his feet took a glass of brandy. Standing there with the empty glass on the table before him, gazing at the vault, his brows knitted, his teeth clinched, his lips twitching spasmodically, he was a picture of satanic rage and fear.

Refusing still to believe that anything could have gone wrong with the combination, he tried it again and again, between each attempt spatting on the floor like a fierce beast in a cage. Then he tried to think what he should do. He dare not send for the makers of the safe, it would disclose the existence of the room and his occupancy of it, and for many reasons he did not desire to have that made public at the present crisis, with Theodore Kahn under arrest and a revival of the old suspicions against him likely to be aroused by the coming trial. He decided at last, and rising from the floor with many fierce oaths, he arranged his disordered apparel and, putting on his overcoat and hat, went out. A few minutes later he was closeted with the maker of the safe, smoothly telling him that a client had been accused of attempting to rob his own safe in order to account for a failure to settle with his creditors and to successfully defend him, he desired to be instructed in methods which would be employed by a skilled cracksman, also to be shown how an amateur would likely go to work. When he left the foundry he thoroughly understood the *modus operandi* of safe blowing, and had several cartridges in his pocket together with a full set of tools. The rest of the day he spent in drilling, and that night had there been anyone in the outer office, an explosion could have been heard. The ruined combination yielded easily and in another moment he had the empty box, which had held the Moore papers, in his hand. Then it dropped to the floor, to be crushed a moment afterwards by his heavy form as he fell in a fit.

The first rays of the winter morning were streaming through the window when he recovered consciousness. Chilled and stiff he could barely rise to a sitting position, and then was unable to understand his surroundings. The open door of the safe, the broken wood of the box, seemed like something seen in a dream, but with his slowly returning mental powers came a realization of his loss, a comprehension of the trap into which he had been led, and the fear that other documents might be missing urged him to a desperate effort. At last he succeeded in struggling to his feet; but the room swam about him, it grew dark and only by clinging to the safe was he able to save himself from falling.

Again his brain seemed to regain its power when in the bright sunlight the cut glass brandy decanter suggested something which would perhaps enable him to recover himself, but as he tried to move, that awful and sickening dizziness came back. Its slowly reached out with one hand and could touch the table, and when the swirling blood again seemed to recede from his brain he pulled himself over and again stood in sick dizziness waiting until he dare venture another movement. At last he had the brandy in his hand; he could scarcely swallow, but the stimulant revived him, and though he lurched forward like a drunken man he was able to close the safe door, put the brandy back in the cabinet, hide the tools with which he had been working and then staggering out to his private office, locked the door behind him, telephoned for a carriage and was driven home, fearful to remain any longer lest the dizziness against which he fought should overpower him.

* * *

While Killick had been trying to open his safe, Ralph Moore had been closeted with Lawyer Chandler, who, after examining the papers taken from Killick's safe, declared there would be no trouble in obtaining possession of the property.

The old gambler insisted that proceedings should be begun at once.

"I am getting to be an old man," said he, "and I have been poor long enough, while my rascally relations have enjoyed what should have been mine."

"Don't you think it would be wiser to send for your nephew and try and arrange a compromise? If you allowed him a small amount I have no doubt he would rather accept it than take the chances of a lawsuit."

"Not a cent. I want it all, and I want it quick. If you don't take right hold of it and rattle it along, I'll go to someone who will."

"Now take my advice, Mr. Moore, and don't be too rash. Get the proofs of your birth. If possible hunt up someone who can identify you so that we will have such a strong case that the Colonel will yield at once. You tell me he knows of the existence of this will. If so, we can threaten him with prosecution for fraud in mortgaging property which he knew did not belong to him. You can do all I suggest to day, and we will begin to-morrow. If you need any financial assistance in the meantime, I will be able to advance you enough to keep you going."

"Well, you might give me a couple of hundred right now," said Moore eagerly. "I confess I am pretty short."

Chandler gave him a check, and as Moore put it in his pocket he repeated the question which had been about the first one he had asked: "You are certain Killick won't proceed against me for robbing his safe?"

"Yes, I am positive of it. He can't honestly account for the possession of that will. He has no doubt a partner in the fraud perpetrated on Miss Browning, and will keep quiet. You need have no fear of him."

"At any rate," suggested Moore, "my daughter can swear he gave it to her, if it is ever necessary, can't she?"

"Of course, of course," answered Chandler, "there are a dozen ways of getting out of it. Don't let that trouble you."

It did trouble him, however.

As his old companions had long said, he was losing his nerve. Recognizing that he was growing old, a constant fear beset him that he would end his life in prison, and this had stayed his hand in many a crooked game. It was at the beginning of the period when he first began to lose his reckless confidence in himself that he had married, with the resolution to be cautious and begin the process of saving dollars enough to make him comfortable when too old to be any longer attractive as a companion or a partner. The resolution to resume respectability had been ruined by his brother's scornful refusal to advance him money enough to start him in business, and after the failure to establish himself in some reputable way of living came the desertion of his wife and child. After that his luck had been bad. He had not courage enough to attempt desperate things, and a gambler who is not desperate is of necessity a failure. During the few years before he returned to his wife, and appears as a minor character in this story, he had subsisted on the friends with whom he had lavishly spent his money in other days, and had become little better than a sporting tramp.

One can easily realize the pleasure it was for him to find a comfortable home and immunity from the danger he had been continually running by frequently transgressing the law and mentally feeling its clutches. It had been a flashing up of his old spirit which had led to his operations in Killick's private room and the seizure of the documents in the safe, but now that the long-coveted fortune was within his grasp the fear of prison haunted him unceasingly.

Cora had quickly recognized this and determined that it should in her hand be the means of forcing her father to act as she dictated. Now that wealth had come to her, the old bitterness against Tully died away, and in its place came a spirit of proud hopelessness which, while it did not add to her happiness, made her more gentle and forgiving. She knew when her father proved his claim to the family property it would establish her socially, if it did not in the meantime transpire that her father had been forced to adopt the role of a burglar, and she the part of an adventuress, to secure what belonged to them. Thus, after Ralph Moore's first interview with Chandler, the control of the case fell into Cora's hands, and she conducted it with an energy and secrecy which had the double object of establishing their rights and—in the hope of again saving Tully and bringing him back to her—of involving Killick deeply in the fraud which had begun in the registration of the false memorial and ended in the loan of Miss Browning's money to her uncle. On the afternoon of the day that Killick had been driven home from his office, in the wintry dawn, Lawyer Chandler called upon him to confront him with the evidence which had been obtained, but was informed that Mr. Killick was ill at his house and would probably not be back at his office for a week. Chandler could not lose the opportunity of settling some of his old scores with Tully by bullying him a little with vague threats of what he proposed to do.

"I have evidence in my pocket," said he, as he sat in Tully's private room, "which will make your partner a sicker man than he is now, when I get a chance to show it to him."

"Indeed," said Tully scornfully, "I am not responsible for Mr. Killick's conduct and I am very doubtful if you are smart enough a lawyer to catch him tripping."

"It is not a question of my smartness, Mr. Tully, but of his rascality, and I am afraid your firm will present a very sorry appearance when this matter gets into court."

"Mr. Chandler," answered Tully with dignity, "if there is a matter you desire me to look into, present your case at once. If you are simply amusing yourself by a little loud talk go to someone you can frighten. As for me I am entirely indifferent to anything you can do or say, and the consciousness that I have done nothing of which I need be afraid, emboldens me to request you to go to the devil." Mr. Chandler retired in a rage and would have taken proceedings at once, but Cora restrained him. "Go up and see Mr. Killick at his house," she suggested, "perhaps he is only shamming."

Chandler went, but the doctor met him in the hall and forbade any intrusion upon his patient.

"He is a very sick man, Mr. Chandler," whispered the doctor in tones of the gravity importance which fashionable physicians are so fond of assuming, "and I doubt very much if he ever leaves his bed. Apoplexy, my dear fellow, and symptoms of brain softening. Came home this morning after being absent all night, in a terrible condition; must have had a violent shock. Absolute quiet is the only thing that can save him. I have forbidden anyone to be admitted to his room except the nurse. I will walk down with you, Mr. Chandler, if you don't mind. Not going my way! No! Good morning, sir."

Chandler's report of Killick's condition alarmed Cora, and after a lengthy consultation with her father it was decided that nothing should be done until he either recovered, or until they might be sure he would never act as prosecutor.

Nor did Cora feel free from personal responsibility. The thought that she had been justified in acting as she did, did not relieve her from a horrible fear that she was, indirectly at least, the cause of Killick's condition. "Mother," said she bitterly, "how often we have talked about wealth and position. Now we have them both within our reach and yet we are more miserable than ever. I feel as if I had murdered that old man, and there is no telling what happened in his room or how the affair would look if he died and an inquest were held. Likely enough both father and I would be implicated and disgraced."

Mrs. Burnham could give her but little comfort; the same fear had been passing through her mind as for hours she had sat bolt-upright in the squeaking rocking-chair, picturing the most dreadful disasters.

"I feel, said she, "like running away."

(To be Continued.)

A Great Opportunity in His Grasp.

"Have you ever experienced the feeling, Mr. M'Pelican," said the young lady softly, "that some great opportunity was within your grasp, but you had hardly the presence of mind, the—the courage, as it were, to avail yourself of it?"

"Why—er—yes, Miss Quickstep, I have sometimes had a kind of feeling as if I'd been sent for and couldn't go, you know."

Miss Amanda sighed dreamily, and there was a pause during which the two sat in the semi darkness of the Quickstep parlor and exchanged profound silence.

He sat and looked helpless at the glowing coals in the grate, with the feeling that every breath he drew was a mortifying and ghastly blunder.

"As you were about to say, Mr. M'Phelican," resumed the young lady, "there are times when it seems to all of us that we must speak what is in our h— in our minds."

"Yes, vaguely answered the bewildered youth, and he tried to remember when he had started to say anything of the kind; "yes, of course."

"And while I am not sure that I ought to listen to you, Mr. M'Pelican," she said, with downcast eyes, "when you speak to me in this—in this personal manner, yet——"

The young man could feel his pulse beating a tattoo on the drums of his ears, but he sat like a boy with the master's eye upon him, and said nothing.

"By the way," exclaimed Miss Amanda presently, "I have a new book of engravings, Mr. M'Pelican, that I am sure you will enjoy seeing. It is a large book, and you'll have to move your chair. Yes, you can sit here with me on the sofa. I never thought of that!"

The pictures danced before the eyes of the young man in blurred, confused images.

"Isn't this engraving of the 'Courtship of Florence Donbey and Walter Gay' perfectly lovely?"

"Wh-which is Walter?" he gasped.

"There! Look closer. Don't you see him?"

"Wh-who's he courting?"

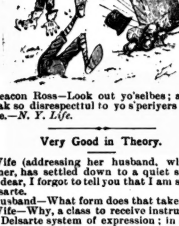
"You'll have to come closer. Mr. M'Pelican. I declare though," and she looked archly at the trembling youth, "I am almost afraid to let you come any nearer. You look exactly like Walter in the picture."

And then the arm of that helpless young man stole in a timid, apologetic, sneaking way round the waist of the charming Amanda Quickstep; her head sank upon his shoulder, and the book of engravings fell neglected to the floor.

"Alfred," she said, an hour later, as she toyed with a button of his coat, "you bold boy! How on earth did you ever muster up the courage to ask me to be your wife? You know well enough I never gave you a particle of encouragement."

The young man patted her condescendingly on the head and then spoke proudly, with the voice of an Ajax defying the lightning, "When I make up my mind to do anything, Amanda, no obstacle on earth can stop me!"

Voices from sled—Hi—ho, dar! Look out'n de road! You's 'll git kill!



Deacon Ross—Look out yo'selbes; an doan' speak so disrespectful to yo's'periyers de nex' time.—*N. Y. Life.*

Very Good in Theory.

Wife (addressing her husband, who after dinner, has settled down to a quiet smoke)—My dear, I forgot to tell you that I am studying Delsarte.

Husband—What form does that take?

Wife—Why, a class to receive instruction in the Delsarte system of expression; in short, it embraces intelligent expression without the use of words.

Husband (with enthusiasm)—Good! Anything that teaches or even advises a woman to avoid the use of words is pointing toward the ideal civilization. But supposing you want money, for instance, how can you make your wants known without the employment of soft and honeyed words?

Wife—You don't understand. The system does not teach us to make known our wants, but to practice grace and elegance.

Husband—Does it say anything about the better management of servant girls?

Wife—Of course not.

Husband—Throw any light upon the baking of bread?

Wife—How provoking you are!

Husband—Well, then, I don't see that it is of much use after all.

Wife—It teaches gracefulness, and in all ages gracefulness has been held as one of the finest outgrowths of civilization. Now, for instance, what is more graceful than the act of sitting down properly? You must not sit down in sections, but with a sort of lithe swing; and furthermore, you must not look at the chair, although you must know that it is there. It is vulgar to look at a chair before sitting down on it. Now, I will walk out of the room, come in, and sit on this chair. See, I will place the chair like this.

[She goes out of the room. The husband turns the chair round. She enters the room, bows gracefully, and—sits down on the floor.]

Husband (springing forward and skilfully knocking over the chair to prevent the detection of his crime)—My gracious, did you hurt yourself?

Wife—I—I—fear it is necessary to look at the chair.

Husband (lifting her up)—Yes, I think so. It is all right to sit down on a meadow without looking at it, but I think that observation is necessary with regard to a chair. Delsarte may have had many good points, but I fear he was sometimes wrong.

Love's Young Dream.

Little Girl (at school)—What did the teacher send you here for?

Little Boy—She said I was bad, and must come over and sit with the girls.

"I like you. Can you stay long?"

"Guess not. I wasn't very bad."

"Well, you be badder next time."

Knew Herself.

Stranger (at the door)—I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, sea-shell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy.

Servant—Really, sir, I don't know——

Voice (from head of stairs)—Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute.

A Foretaste of the Millennium

A Harlem man chuckled when he came out of the Astor House yesterday, and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"What's up—found a fiver?"

"Better than that."

"Win at cards?"

"Nothing to it."

"Well, what was it?"

"Wife's got quinsy; can't get better for a week, at least—and can't say a blessed word. Come and have a drink on the strength of it."

He—What picture is that?

She—I don't know who did it, but it is a German interior.

He (critically)—No, I think not.

She—But the catalogue says so.

He (hypercritically)—Well, it ought to know, but I see neither beer or sausage in it, and I never heard of a German interior without one or the other of those articles present.

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About five years ago I suffered from a very obstinate Cough, from which I was unable to obtain relief. I was finally persuaded, by a friend, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking half a bottle of this medicine, was entirely cured. Since then I have used it whenever needed, and always with good effect. — Charles Meacham, Westfield, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy I have ever found for Colds and Coughs, or for Throat and Lung diseases. I have used it in my family for many years. It always effects speedy cures. — —J. P. Depoy, Londonderry, Ohio.

A few weeks ago I took a severe Cold, which, at first, I neglected to care for. In three days it affected my Lungs, and I became extremely ill. Breathing was most difficult and painful, and my family physician, not being able to come immediately to the house, sent directions that I should take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I was promptly relieved by the use of this medicine, and, after taking only one bottle, was entirely cured.—Andrew J. Davis, Atchison, Kansas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe attack of Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take it, and, in a short time, was cured. — Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind

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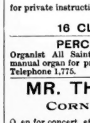

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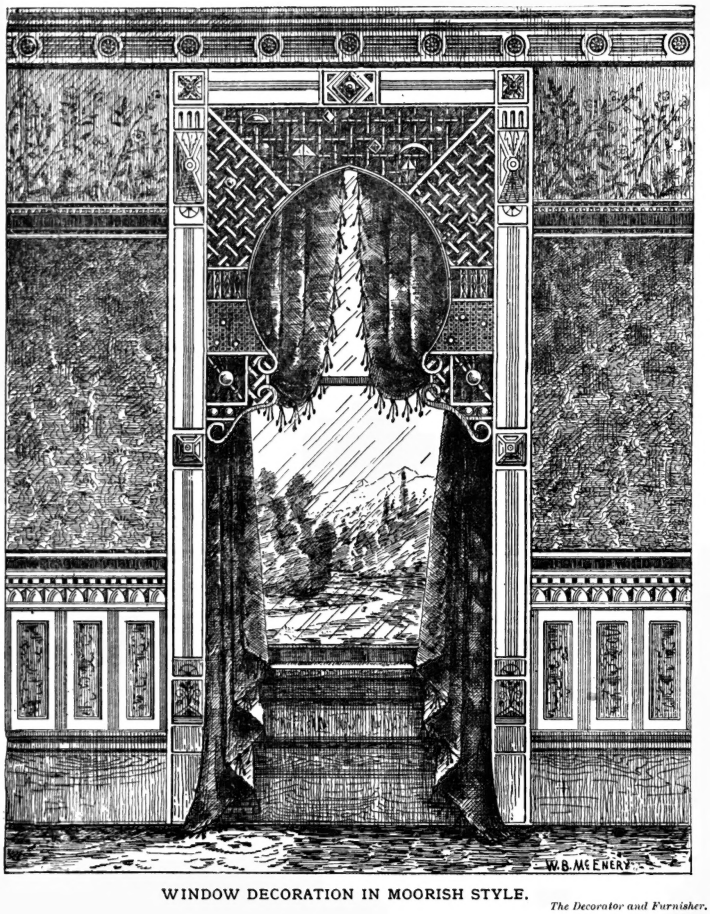

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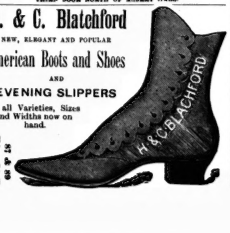

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Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Mrs. Rice of Toronto is visiting her cousin, Mrs. A. S. Hardy.

Mrs. Baines of Toronto is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. J. H. Stratford.

Miss Katie Wade of Toronto is visiting at the residence of her uncle, Mr. J. Y. Morton.

Miss Allen of Bowmanville returned home on Monday.

Mrs. George H. Wilkes gave a very pleasant afternoon tea last Thursday for her cousin, Miss Fiskin, at which about thirty ladies were present.

On Friday afternoon Mrs. John Wallace also gave one of the popular thimble parties.

On Friday evening a large party of ladies and gentlemen took a snowshoe tramp across country. The tramp was an unusually long one, and included several fences and any number of hills, which the ladies took in splendid style. It was past ten o'clock when they returned to town, and did full justice to a hot supper which awaited them.

One of the most delightful parties of the season was given by the Misses Goodson at their lovely home on Brant avenue Friday evening, February 15. The guests were entirely young people. Among them I noticed Miss Morton, Miss Wade of Toronto, the Misses Johnson, the Misses Van Sc Norman, Miss Nelles, Miss Barnhart of Owen Sound, Miss Gerty Byrne, Messrs. Allan Johnson, Warwick, Lewis, F. D. and R. Reville, Geo. Mulrhead, T. Hoskins, Capt. Christie and others.

Mrs. F. T. Wilkes gave a very pleasant evening party on Monday evening.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy's At Home was held on Wednesday evening, and was one of the events of the season.

LINDSAY.

One of the most brilliant and fashionable weddings which has occurred in Lindsay for some time past took place at St. Paul's Church last Tuesday afternoon. Everything was propitious. The day was a glorious one—clear blue sky, the sun brightly shining, the weather keen and frosty—and all nature seemed to smile with favor upon the event. Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony the spacious building was filled to its utmost by the elite of the town. At 3 o'clock the bride passed up the center isle upon the arm of Dr. DeGrassi, and was met at the altar by the bridegroom-elect. As the bride gracefully stood before the anxious, eager throng a murmur of admiration escaped them.

The contracting parties were Mr. W. T. C. Boyd of the firm of Boyd & Co., Bobcaygeon, and Miss Maud Bridgman, daughter of the late Dr. Bridgman of Toronto, and niece of our respected fellow townsman Dr. DeGrassi. The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. H. Marsh of St. Paul's church, assisted by Rev. Dean Allen of Millbrook. The bride was elegantly attired in a dress of cream satin, tulle veil, a beautiful wreath of orange blossoms bedecked her brow and she held a superb bouquet of white flowers in her hand, and looked charming and beautiful. The bridesmaids were Miss Katie Boyd of Bobcaygeon, Miss Flora and Miss Stella Hamilton of Toronto. Miss Boyd was attired in cream crape Duchene, pearl trimmings; Miss Hamilton in sea green china silk, and Miss Stella Hamilton in pink nun's veiling, and each of them looked the picture of beauty. The groomsmen were Mr. Harry Hamilton and Mr. W. H. Dunsford of Toronto. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hamilton of Toronto, Mr. John McDonald of Albany, N.Y., Mr. and Mrs. John Belcher of Peterboro, Dr. and Mrs. Bonnell of Bobcaygeon, Rev. and Mrs. Herbert Simons (professor in Trinity College) of Toronto, Mr. M. M. Boyd of Bobcaygeon, Mrs. Marsh, Miss Gallon and Mr. J. G. Edwards. After the ceremony the entire party repaired to the residence of Dr. DeGrassi, where a sumptuous wedding luncheon had been prepared. The happy couple left on the evening train, with the good wishes and congratulations of all, for an extended tour to British Columbia and California, stopping at the principal cities en route. The presents were numerous and most beautiful and costly, among which was a magnificent Italian marble clock and candelabra from the employees of the firm of Boyd & Co. May peace, happiness and prosperity follow the couple through the voyage of life.—*Lindsay Watchman.*

Invitations of the Berlitz School, 81 King street east, are out for 'Varsity students of modern languages to a course of trial lessons and lectures in French and German on Saturdays at two o'clock. A large number of ladies and gentlemen have accepted with pleasure.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

EASSON—On February 16, at Toronto, Mrs. R. F. Easson—a son.

WILD T—On February 18, at Aylmer, Mrs. F. J. Winlow—a daughter.

GILMOUR—On February 18, at Brockville, Mrs. Jas. H. Gilmour—a son.

RIDSDALE—On February 14, at Toronto, Mrs. M. Ridsdale—a son.

CROFT—On February 15, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Croft—a daughter.

ARGO—On February 10, at the Manse, Norval, Mrs. John Argo—a son.

IRELAND—On February 16, at Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Ireland—a daughter.

DEFOE—On February 12, at Madoc, Mrs. W. A. Defoe—a daughter.

MCLELLAN—On February 5, at Madoc, Mrs. J. H. McClellan—a daughter.

WILTSHIRE—On February 15, at Toronto, Mrs. H. Horace Wiltshire—a daughter.

WILKES—On February 12, at Toronto, Mrs. W. A. Wilkes—a son.

MORDEN—On February 14, at Toronto, Mrs. Jethro Morden—a son.

Marriages.

COTTON—WHITE—At Ottawa, John Cotton, to Isabel, third daughter of the late Hon. Thomas White.

LINDSEY—BETHUNE—On February 11, at Toronto, Cora A. Bethune, to George G. S. Lindsey.

BOOKE—RUSE—On February 13, at Toronto, George T. Booke, to Leila A. Rose.

BOYD—BRIDGMAN—On February 12, at Lindsay, by the Rev. C. H. Marsh, assisted by Rev. Tsos. Allen of Millbrook, W. T. C. Boyd of Bobcaygeon, to Meta, daughter of the late Dr. Bridgman, M. D., of Toronto.

APPLEBY—WILSON—On February 14, at Toronto, John K. Appleby of Trafalgar, Ont., to Lottie Wilson of Oakville.

EATON—TOTHILL—On February 4, at Qualicum, Vancouver Island, Charles James Eaton, to Charlotte Frances Tothill.

WILSON—JACKSON—On February 13, at Lunan, Harry Wilson of Peninsular Harbor, to Miss Annie Jackson of Lunan.

DREW—McKINNON—On February 13, at Maple Valley, Robert Cardwell Drew, to Annie McKinnon.

LANGSTAFF—RICE—On February 16, at Toronto, Ernest F. Langstaff, to Lizzie Rice of Aurora.

HEARN—DONOHER—On February 13, at Belleville, Edward J. Hearn of Tuttenham, to Mamie Donoher.

GRAY—BOND—On February 13, at East York, Alexander Gray, to Emma Bond.

MACKAY—ELLIOTT—On February 20, at Cobourg, Hubert H. Mackay of Toronto, to Lilian Elizabeth, second daughter of Major Charles Elliott.

PRINSLEY—PRICE—On February 20, at Queensville, Arthur E. Prinsley of Davisville, to Tamasine E. Price.

HAMILTON—BROWN—On February 19, at Toronto, T. H. Hamilton of Peterboro, to Mary E. Brown.

MARTIN—MARTIN—On February 19, at Toronto, Nelson W. Martin of Denver, Colorado, to Alice Sophia Martin of Toronto.

COX—SWANN—On February 20, at Woodstock, F. G. Cox, to Cecie Swann.

Deaths.

BRITTON—On February 14, at Toronto, Mrs. Edward Britton, aged 45 years.

HARDMAN—On February 15, at Toronto, Eva May Hagerman, age 1 1 year.

ARMSTRONG—On February 18, at Toronto, Margaret Armstrong, aged 65 years.

PRENTICE—On February 16, at Ingersoll, Wm. Atkinson Prentice, aged 31 years.

GILDING—On February 15, at Toronto, James Pollard Gilding, aged 30 years.

SMITH—On February 5, at Woolwich, Ont., Mitchell Smith, aged 60 years.

LYSAGHT—On February 15, at Toronto, Margaret Lysaght, aged 78 years.

HORSLEY—On February 3, at Ontario, Cal., Catherine Horsely, aged 72 years.

MACDONALD—On February 19, at Toronto, John Macdonald, barrister-at-law.

ARNELL—On February 19, at West York, John Arnell, aged 66 years.

HASKINGS—On February 18, at Toronto, Amy Maud Haskings.

DUNDAS—At Rochester, N. Y., John Dundas, aged 12 years.

GARREY—On February 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Catharine Garrey, aged 96 years.

BUNNEGE—On February 17, at Toronto, Francis Bunnege, aged 28 years.

LEHMAN—On February 19, at Parkdale, Lydia Lehman, aged 22 years.

STUART—On February 19, at Toronto, Rev. James Stuart, aged 83 years.

MORRISON—On February 18, at Toronto, Mrs. David Morrison, aged 90 years.

RUSSELL—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Henrietta (Daisy) Russell of Quebec.

CLARK—At Toronto, Thomas Clark, aged 80 years.

SPEIGHT—On February 14, at Markham, Michael Speight, aged 58 years.

PEARSON—On February 15, at Toronto, Robbie Pearson, aged 16 months.

LOVELL—On February 17, at Toronto, Mrs. James S. Lovell.

KERR—On February 13, at Perth, Ont., George Kerr, aged 75 years.

CALDWELL—On February 17, at Toronto, Mrs. Hugh Caldwell.

CARR—On February 13, at Cobourg, Mrs. Mary Carr, aged 56 years.

DEVLIN—On February 16, at Unionville, Mrs. John Devlin, aged 38 years.

KELCEY—On February 9, at Parry Sound, William Holland Kelcey, aged 8 years.

PATERSON—On February 16, at Toronto, Mrs. Jane Balfour Paterson, aged 77 years.

WALTON—On February 15, at Toronto, Elwin B Walton, aged 22 years.

BABY—At Toronto, Isabella Earl Baby, aged 87 years.

GUMMER—On February 16, at Aurora, Charles Henry Gummer.

FLETCHER—On February 18, at Toronto, J. Fletcher, aged 37 years.

SMITH—On February 17, at Toronto, James Smith, aged 73 years.

WILSON—On February 17, at East York, Hugh Wilson, aged 76 years.

CURTIS—On February 18, at Brantford, David Curtis, aged 66 years.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.

The Fifty-Sixth Annual Meeting.

ANNUAL REPORT, 1888

The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Stockholders of this Company was held in the Company's offices, Front street, on Wednesday, February 20, the Governor, Mr. John Morison, occupying the chair. Among the gentlemen present were Henry M. Pellatt, W. J. Macdonnell, Thos. Long, J. Y. Reid, G. M. Kinghorn of Montreal, Robert Thompson, George H. Smith of New York, A. Myers, Dr. Robertson, John Leys, J. Wardrop, H. D. Gamble, John Downey, Alex. Wills, George P. Hamilton, J. Morison, jun., Wm. Adamson, J. K. Niven, Alex. Smith, John Hoskin, J. Jackes, J. M. Brooks and R. McGilkison.

The Assistant Secretary, Mr. W. H. Banks, read the following:—

ANNUAL REPORT, 1888.

The Directors have the honor of submitting the fifty-sixth annual statement, exhibiting the financial position of the affairs of the company, accompanied by the balance sheet for the year ending 31st December, 1888, duly audited.

The marine branch shows a very marked improvement resulting from the action of the Board in abandoning the ocean business, as mentioned in last year's report.

The following amounts have been written off to profit and loss, namely, bills receivable amounting to $2,298.25, and from office furniture account, $494 35.

Your Directors have pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficient work done by the Company's Agents and Special Agents throughout Canada and the United States. The reports received from these gentlemen indicate a decided improvement in rates and in the quality of the business; and it cannot but be gratifying to know that with the present general revival in trade, together with the thorough supervision of the Company's business, the prospects of the coming year lead to the conclusion that it will prove more profitable than the past.

All which is respectfully submitted.

J. MORISON,
Governor.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1888.

Assets.

United States bonds	$417,400 00
Bank and other dividend paying investments	413,855 86
Cash in offi s	1 72
Cash in banks	47,545 06
Real estate	150,000 00
Business maps, office furniture, etc $19,774 20	
Less depreciation 494 35	
	19,279 85
Agents' balances	92,246 88
Interest due and accrued	7,589 73
	$1,147,919 10

Liabilities.

Capital stock	$500,000 00
Losses under adjustment (fire)	93,236 11
Losses under adjustment (marine)	7,606 55
Dividend No. 89	8,393 62
Dividend No. 90	17,500 00
Balance	526,282 82
	$1,147,919 10

Profit and Loss.

Fire losses, paid	$156,921 53	
Fire losses, unsettled	93,236 11	
		$250,157 64
Marine losses, paid	$89,210 08	
Marine losses, unsettled	7,606 55	
		75,816 63
Commissions and all other charges		245,355 16
Government and local taxes		17,464 81
Rent account, including taxes		3,888 41
Balance		43,785 61
		$636,408 26

Fire premiums	$812,819 98	
Less re-insurance	62,876 77	
		$749,943 21
Marine premiums	$88,543 74	
Less re-insurance	12,308 04	
		86,235 70
Interest		33,742 23
Rent account		5,928 35
Profit and loss, increase in investments, etc		60,467 78
		$636,408 26

Surplus Fund.

Dividend No. 89	$17,500 00
Dividend No. 90	17,500 00
Balance	526,282 82
	$561,282 82
Balance from last statement	$517,407 21
Profit and Loss	43,785 61
	$561,282 82

Reinsurance Liability

Balance at credit of surplus fund	$526,282 82
Reserve to reinsure outstanding risks	391,346 88
Net surplus over all liabilities	$134,935 94

TO THE GOVERNOR AND DIRECTORS OF THE BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY, TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned, having examined the securities and vouchers, and audited the books of the British America Assurance Company, Toronto, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a statement of the Company's affairs to 31st December, 1888.

R. R. CATHRON,
HENRY M. PELLATT, } Auditors.

Moved by the Governor, seconded by the Deputy Governor, that the report now read be adopted and printed for distribution among the shareholders. Carried.

Moved by John Hoskin, seconded by Alex. Smith, that the thanks of the Shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the Governor, Deputy Governor and Directors of this Company for their attention to the interests of the Company during the past year. Carried.

Moved by John Wardrop, seconded by J. Jackes that Messrs. W. J. Macdonnell and Henry M. Pellatt be appointed Scrutineers for taking the ballot for Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and that the poll be closed as soon as five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being taken. Carried.

The following is the scrutineers' report:

We, the undersigned scrutineers appointed at the annual meeting of the British America Assurance Company on the 20th of February, 1889, declare the following gentlemen duly elected Directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. John Morison, John Leys, Hon. Wm. Cayley, J. Y. Reid, A. Myers, G. M. Kinghorn, George H. Smith, Thomas Long and Dr. H. Robertson.

W. J. MACDONNELL,
HENRY M. PELLATT, } Scrutineers.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board Mr. John Morison was unanimously re-elected Governor and Mr. John Leys Deputy Governor for the ensuing year.

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ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

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Non-Magnetic
Swiss & American
WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

MANTLE FOLDING BEDS
SUITABLE FOR
Small Rooms, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Offices.
OPEN. CLOSED.
It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made an admirable auxiliary to its furniture. H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION LEAGUE
IN CANADA
PUBLIC MEETING
AT ASSOCIATION HALL
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23
AT 8 P.M
SPEAKERS—George R. Parkin, Esq., M.A., of New Brunswick, the distinguished advocate of Imperial Federation who is about to visit Australia on the invitation of the Leagues there; General Laurie, M.P., of Nova Scotia, and others.
Toronto, 14th February, 1889.
F. C. LAW, Hon. Sec'y and Treasurer.
A. J. CATTANACH, President of the Toronto Branch of the League.

TORONTO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY
F. H. TORRINGTON, Conductor
GRAND CONCERT
Thursday Evening, Feb. 26, Pavilion Music Hall
Handel's Sublime Oratorio
"SAMSON"
Miss Hortense Pierse, of New York, soprano; Mlle Adele Strauss, of Strasbourg, contralto; Mr. Charles A. Rice, of New York, Tenor; Mr. D. M. Babcock, of Boston, bass; assisted by Messrs. A. E. Dent and F. W. Warrington, of Toronto. Grand chorus, 300. Grand orchestra, 65.
Reserved seats $1. Admission 50 cents.
Plan opens at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimers' on Thursday, Feb. 21. Full public rehearsal—Pavilion, Monday evening, Feb 25, at 7.30 Admission 25 cents. No reserved seats.

ASSOCIATION HALL
TWO NIGHTS ONLY
February 25 and 26
Special engagement of the distinguished English Humorist, Poet and Elocutionist
MR. WALTER PELHAM
In his Laughable, Mimetic, Diverting and Dickens-like character entertainment.
Reserved seats at Nordheimers', 50c. Plan now open.

Pavilion, March 4
POSITIVELY ONLY ONE CONCERT
Mr. JULES LEVY
The World's Greatest Cornet Virtuoso
Absolutely without a peer, assisted by the following eminent European artists:
SIGNORA STELLA COSTA ..... Soprano
The Distinguished European Prima Donna.
MISS KATHERINE MACNEIL ..... Contralto
SIGNOR TAMBERLIK ..... Tenor
SIGNOR MAINA ..... Bass
and
HERR MAX MOZART ..... Conductor
Reserved Seats 75c. and $1. Admission 50c.
Plan at Nordheimers'.

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House
WEEK COMMENCING
Monday, February 25
MATINEES
Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday
Important engagement of the distinguished emotional and tragic actress
Miss Ada Gray
Supported by a superb company of artists in the entirely new version, adapted from Mrs Wood's famous story, in five acts, by Miss Gray, and performed by her over 3,000 times in Canada and the United States, entitled
EAST LYNNE
Or, THE ELOPEMENT
An Evening of alternate Laughter and Tears
A Rain of Comedy and Pathos
Next Week—Reilly & Wood's Specialty Co.

GRAND MILITARY CONCERT
BY THE BANDS OF THE
XIII. Battalion, of Hamilton
AND THE
Queen's Own Rifles
OF CANADA, ASSISTED BY
MISS BARNES, OF BUFFALO
Under the distinguished patronage of
His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario
His Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Lieut.-Col. W. D. Otter, D.A.G., and Staff, Lieut. Col. the Hon. J. M. Gibson and Officers of 13th Battalion, and the Officer Commanding and Officers of Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.
HORTICULTURAL PAVILION
Thursday Evening, Feb. 28
Reserved seats 50c. Admission 25c.
Tickets will be exchanged at Nordheimer's, where seats may be reserved on or after Monday, February 25. Plan opens at 10 a.m. Checks issued at 8 a.m.
Doors open at 7.30 p.m.; commences at 8 p.m.

IT LEADS ALL OTHERS
For a Beautiful and Useful Present See the
LIGHT RUNNING, HIGH ARM
No. 9
WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE
For all family purposes it has no equal, in point of ease, rapidity and precision of action, uniformity of tension and perfection of seam, simplicity and durability, elegance of design, excellence of workmanship, form and quality of cabinet work and general attractiveness of appearance.
We invite inspection of manufacturers and others, interested in first-class sewing machinery, to our No. 12 and D 12 Machines. Also our Automatic Button-Hole Machine, with automatic cutter combined. Estimates furnished for complete sewing machine plant for any branch of manufacturing.
Special sewing machinery of all kinds supplied to order. Needles and attachments for all kinds of work.
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Telephone 277 GEO. BARRETT, Manager..

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Stock Large and Particularly Choice
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FURNITURE
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The most important and beautiful invention in the Musical World of the Nineteenth Century.
THE VOCALION
WILL BE FOUND
INVALUABLE
FOR
CHURCHES, CHANCELS, VESTRIES,
CHORAL SOCIETIES,
Musical Assemblies,
CONVENTIONS, LODGES,
Professional and Amateur Organists.
It is Manufactured and Guaranteed by S. R. WARREN & SON, the eminent Organ Builders.
Height, 8 feet; Depth, 32 inches Width, 7 feet.
THE VOCALION
Is undistinguishable in tone from a richly-voiced Pipe Organ.
It is the only substitute for a Pipe Organ.
It costs ONE-HALF the Price of a Pipe Organ.
It is played like a Pipe Organ.
It requires little or no tuning.
It occupies but one-tenth to one-fifth the space of a Pipe Organ.
It is moveable without being taken to pieces.
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Or their Representatives. 32 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.

Canadian Order of Foresters
GRAND ANNUAL CONCERT
IN THE
Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens
Thursday Evening, March 7
The following Artists will appear:
MISS MAUD MORGAN, of New York ..... The Queen of the Harp
MLLE. ADELE STRAUSS ..... Mezzo Soprano
Late of Strasbourg, Germany.
MRS. F. MACKELCAN ..... Contralto
MASTER GEO. FOX ..... The Great Boy Violinist
MR. S. E. WALT, of Boston ..... Tenor
MR. H. L. CLANKE ..... Cornet
MS. ED. W. SCHAUCH ..... Basso
MR. J. FAX ..... Comic
PROF. D. J. O'BRIEN ..... Accompanist
THE MAYOR, E. F. CLARKE, Esq., M.P., in the Chair.
RESERVED TICKETS, 50c.
Plan opens at Nordheimer's, Thursday, Feb. 28, at 10 a.m.

Coming Entertainments.

Mr. Walter Pelham, an English character and facial actor, will appear at Association Hall, February 25 and 26. Mr. Pelham comes well recommended by the press wherever he has appeared.

At the Toronto Opera House next week the attraction will be Ada Gray in East Lynne. Both star and play are well known here. The company is said to be a strong one.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

There are undoubtedly amongst those who can afford to dress well, and whose social position makes it a duty to do so, a few who would as lief wear cheap, ill-fitting and unfashionable garments, as those which are elegant, well fitting and in good style. The fact is that deep down in every masculine heart there is a fondness for dress, but man likes dress naturally. He cannot help it. It is seldom indeed that any man orders a suit of clothes, or even a single garment, without carefully selecting the material and giving special instructions about what he conceives to be style. The commencement of each season is therefore of much interest to all men who have the means to buy fashionable garments. The Fashionable West End Tailor has much pleasure in intimating to his friends and the public generally, that he has just received his importation of woolens for spring and summer wear, and would invite inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

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Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

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LADIES' TAILORS

COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

A VERY ATTRACTIVE ASSORTMENT

OF

HIGH CLASS SHEFFIELD CUTLERY

Forks, Spoons, Salad Bowls, Fancy Cruets, Marble Clocks, Handsome Vases, Figures, &c.

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WHOLESALE PRICES

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CATERING ESTABLISHMENT

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Is where you get your Dinners, Evening Parties, Lunches, Banquets and Wedding Breakfasts supplied, no matter where you live. Send for estimates.

Wedding Cakes Our Specialty

CASH DISCOUNT OF TEN PER CENT.

ONLY A SHORT TIME LONGER

YOU (OUR FRIENDS) --are helping us out. We see the daylight as the stock daily lessens, and once arrived at the point we are heading for---the discount stops. You tell us that this is not gratitude. Yes, it is, good friends---the world's gratitude.

MEANWHILE, DRESS GOODS AT A PRICE, Cash Price, Half-Price, Any Price, Every Price and the Ten Per Cent. Off for Cash

FINE BLACK SILKS AT $1—and ten per cent. off—when they sold at $1.35 they were bargains.
RICH CREAM AND WHITE SATINS FOR EVENING WEAR—Some marked as low as 20c., a yard, others a little higher—all subject to the discount.
LENGTHS OF COLORED MERVEILLEUX AND OTHER SATINS—Were $1 and $1.25—now 50c. yard, less the discount.
CHECKED AND STRIPED TWEEDS AT 12½c. A YARD—Reduced from 40c., 25c., 20c.
HANDSOME TWEED SUITINGS AT 12c., less discount; 25c. was the price a month ago.
FANCY STRIPED FLANNELS—15c. and ten per cent. off—were 30c.
TABLE CLOTHS, TABLE NAPKINS, SIDEBOARDS COVERS, etc., equally low.

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P. Jamieson, the Clothier, is the only merchant in Toronto making a specialty of Servants' Liveries. Our plates show nearly every style of Livery worn in Europe and America. The garments are made in the best styles of the best material and are guaranteed to fit.]

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Now in Full Blast

Men's Overcoats

Boys' Overcoats

NOBBY AND NEAT

Equal in every respect to the finest custom work. Selling during the sale at net wholesale figures. Those in need should certainly call.

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WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

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WILL RUN

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Through without change to

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Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

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Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

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Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Fineness and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

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The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

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Corsume Bouquet

A New Discovery.—A simple, harmless, and effective cure for all headaches, is something wanted in every house. Persons suffering from headache will find in Hoffman's Powders a perfect Headache Specific. They are easy to take, give almost instant relief, containing no opium, quinine, bromides, or narcotics. They are prompt and certain in their action and do not disarrange the stomach, nauseate, or cause any after ill effects. They are not prepared, recommended, or advertised for a wide range of disorders, but simply for headaches. They are an honest medicine for which only honest, straightforward statements are made.

They are the result of persistent study and experimenting by an expert chemist, and before offered to the public in present form were tested in the most severe cases, and submitted to the highest professional and medical authority, endorsed and pronounced perfectly harmless. Thousands now attest to their virtue, and none need suffer from *Headache* if they will use Hoffman's Powders. A trial will convince.

Sick Headache is terrible and can only be properly described by one who is subject to it. The head splitting pains, the rioting pains, the nausea, the heavy aching eyes are immediately relieved by Hoffman's Powders.

Headache, nervous or from fatigue of the body or mind, soon yields to the soothing principles of Hoffman's Powders.

Headache from over-eating, can be entirely and quickly dispelled by taking one of Hoffman's Powders. Keep the Powders always with you—they are neatly put up in portable form.

Alcoholic Headache.—This is a species of headache usually appearing in the morning and is generally encouraged and produced by the surroundings and associations of the night before. One Powder taken immediately on arising will correct the trouble, and as a slight tonic for the stomach will impart a better relish for breakfast.

Headache from Tobacco is a dull, heavy, nauseating and disgusting feeling that will quickly disappear on taking one of Hoffman's Powders.

See that you get the genuine Hoffman's Harmless Headache Powders. Insist in having them and do not be induced to take something said to be "just as good," if your druggist cannot supply you, on receipt of 25 cents we will mail you package containing six powders postage free.

THE HOFFMAN DRUG CO., INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE, ONTARIO.